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A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.

No. 1.



RAILWAY SCRAP BOOK

HUMOROUS
ENTERTAINING
AND
UNIQUE

J. R. HAWLEY & CO.
CINCINNATI and NEW YORK.

RAILWAY SCRAP BOOK:

A HODGE-PODGE OF

HUMOR, ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY, HOBBIES FOR THE PEOPLE, TOYS FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME, AND TIT-BITS FOR TRAVELERS. (VARIOUSLY SET FORTH).
ALSO, MANY THINGS WORTH KNOWING, NOT HERETOFORE MENTIONED.

GREGORY, PINXIT., *pseud*



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Southern District of Ohio.

P R E F A C E .

IT is not difficult to anticipate what classes of readers this book will please, for it contains such a variety of entertaining and instructive matter that those who are not pleased with its contents will be classified under the head of "exceptions." Although it does not offer pretensions to originality of matter, its design is certainly unique, and its arrangement such as to please the great mass of the people who find enjoyment in whiling away the tedium of a railway journey by this species of entertainment. And not to the traveler alone, but to all who would improve or entertain their leisure moments, there is material here for rational enjoyment, in such installments as not to infringe on valuable time for its full appreciation.

This book is the commencement of a series, and the succeeding numbers will be made equal to this in every respect — on some points much superior. It is designed that the reputation of the series shall stand high; and

that, while its contents administer to every rational taste and contribute largely to the general information of the people on all desirable points, nothing herein shall prove offensive to the strictest morality, nor subversive of order in the home circle.

In subsequent numbers, there will be an attempt for more of originality, and possibly for more solid reading in some portions; but the general object aimed at will be recreation of a cheap and presentable form, and the appropriate blending of instruction with amusement.

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SCRAP BOOK.

A REAL MYSTERY.

THE events related in the following pages are so curious that, unless well authenticated, they would be incredible. The only account we find of them is one contained in a pamphlet published by Robert L'Estrange in 1676—sixteen years after the occurrence of the events narrated. The pamphlet contains a letter from a Sir Thomas Overbury (probably the grandson of *the* Sir Thomas Overbury) to one T. S., a knight in London, giving an account of the alleged murder, the confession of John Perry, and the execution of the prisoners; "For the truth of every particular whereof," writes Sir Thomas Overbury, "I can vouch." It also contains a letter purporting to be written by Mr. Harrison to Sir Thomas Overbury, giving an account of his own adventures.

On Thursday, the 16th of August, 1660, William Harrison, the steward of Vicountess Campden, set out from his house, at Campden, in Gloucestershire, to walk to Charringworth, a village two miles distant, where he had to collect some rents. He was seventy years of age, but the distance he had to go was not great, and his wife expected him home early. Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, however, he had not returned, and his wife, alarmed at his prolonged absence, sent out a servant, called John Perry, to look for him. Neither Mr. Harrison nor the servant, Perry, returned that night. Early on the following morning Edward Harrison, the son of the missing man, set off in the direction of Charringworth to look for his father. He had got about half way when he met Perry, who told him he had made inquiries at Charringworth, and that his father was not there. On hearing this, Edward Harrison,

accompanied by Perry, proceeded to make further inquiries. At Erbington, a village between Charringworth and Campden, he ascertained that Mr. Harrison had been there the night before, but had not stayed any time. Having received this information he and Perry went on together to Paxford, but could gain no further intelligence ; but as they were returning to Campden they were told that a woman, who was then gleaning, had that morning, when going to her work, picked up a hat-band and comb in the highway between Campden and Erbington. The woman was soon found, and the things she had picked up were identified as belonging to Mr. Harrison. The news of Mr. Harrison's disappearance had meanwhile spread through the neighborhood ; a considerable number of persons were collected, and search was made in every direction for traces of the missing man, but without avail.

It seemed, however, very evident that Mr. Harrison must have met with foul play, for the hat-band was cut and hacked as with a knife. Suspicion seemed naturally directed against John Perry, whose prolonged absence on the night in question had not been accounted for. He was arrested and examined. He stated that on the evening in question, when sent out by his mistress, he had started for Charringworth, and had gone some distance on the way when he met one William Reed of Campden. He told Reed that he had been sent out to look for his master, and that as it was growing dark, he was afraid to go on, but would return and fetch his young master's horse. He and Reed then returned together to Mr. Harrison's gate, where they parted. Reed walked away, but Perry remained at the gate till one Pearce came by, when Perry joined him and they walked together about a bow-shot into the fields in the direction of Charringworth. Perry's courage seems to have failed again, for he again returned to his master's gate, and after leaving Pearce went into an out-house and remained there for an hour, but did not sleep. On hearing the clock strike twelve he got up and went toward Charringworth, "till a great mist arising, he lost his way, and lay the rest of the night under a hedge." At daybreak, on Friday morning, he went on to Charringworth, and ascertained from Edward Plaisterer that his master had been at Charringworth on the previous evening, and had received of him £23. He made further inquiries at the house of William Curtis, where he found his master had called the night before. Perry then returned toward Campden, and on the way met his master's son, as has been already stated.

Reed, Pearce, Plaisterer and Curtis were all called and confirmed the prisoner's story.

Being questioned how it was, that having been afraid at nine o'clock, he found courage to go and look for his master at twelve, the prisoner answered that at twelve it was no longer dark, for the moon had risen. In answer to another question he stated that when he started at twelve o'clock he was quite sure his master had not returned, because there was a light still burning in his chamber window, which was never alight so late when he was at home.

The story of Perry was not considered satisfactory, and he was detained in custody, where he remained some days. During that time he made several contradictory statements; and at last, on Friday the 24th of August, he was, at his own request, taken before the justices, when he made a confession to the following effect:—

His mother and brother had "lain at him" ever since he went into his present service, to induce him to tell them the time when his master went to collect the rents, that they might waylay and rob him; and on the Thursday that his master went into Charringworth he had gone on an errand into Campden, and had there met his brother. He had told his brother where his master was gone, and had also suggested that if he waylaid him he might have his money. In the evening, when sent out to look for his master, he met his brother in the street before the gate of his master's house. He joined his brother, and they went together along the road leading to Charringworth, till they came to a gate into Lady Campden's grounds, about a bow-shot from Campden Church. Through this gate there was a short cut from the main road to Mr. Harrison's house. When near the gate they saw some one pass through it into Lady Campden's grounds, but it was so dark that they could not recognize who it was. John Perry, however, thought that it was his master, and told his brother so, adding that if he followed him he might get his money, and that he himself would walk a turn in the fields. His brother then left him and followed Mr. Harrison. Perry waited a short time and then followed his brother through the gate. He had not gone far when he found his master lying on the ground, his brother upon him, and his mother standing by. He heard his master cry, "Ah! rogues, will you kill me?" upon which he spoke to his brother, and told him he hoped he would not kill the old man. But his brother answered, "Peace, peace, you are a fool," and strangled him. When the old man was dead his brother rifled his pockets, and finding in one of them a bag of money, threw it into his

mother's lap; and he and his brother then carried the body into an adjoining garden, where they consulted what to do with it. They at length agreed to throw it into the great sink by Wallington's mill, behind the garden; and his mother and brother carried the body away, while he went to listen if any one were stirring at the house. He did not know what had become of the body, except that his mother and brother said they should throw it into the sink; for after going up to the house he did not return to them, but went into Campden, and at his master's gate met Peace, as he had before stated. After leaving Pearce he went into the henroost, and stayed there until near twelve o'clock. He then remembered that he had with him his master's hat-band and comb, and wishing to get rid of them, went out, after cutting them with his knife, placed them in the highway, where they were found. He then went on to Charingworth, and made the inquiries about his master, of which Plasterer and Curtis had given evidence.

On this confession Joan and Richard Perry, the mother and brother of the prisoner, were arrested. They both protested that they knew nothing of the matter. Richard indeed admitted that he had met John that Thursday morning, but denied that anything had passed between them about Mr. Harrison. Search meantime had been made in the sink which John Perry had mentioned, but the body was not there. All the ponds in the neighborhood were dragged, and every likely place was searched, but to no purpose. The body was never found.

After the three prisoners had been examined before the justices and were being taken back to Campden, Richard, who was behind the other prisoners, "pulling a clout out of his pocket, dropped a ball of inkle (tape.)" One of the guard picked it up, upon which Richard asked him for it, saying it was his wife's hair-lace. The officer, however, undid the tape, and finding there was a slip-knot at one end of it, went and showed it to John, who was some distance in front, and knew nothing of the tape having been dropped and picked up. But on being shown it, and asked whether he knew it, John shook his head, and said, "Yea, to his sorrow, for that was the string his brother strangled his master with." This circumstance the officer swore in evidence at the trial.

John now made a further statement, that he had assisted his mother and brother in the commission of a burglary which had been effected a year previously in his master's house, the perpetrators of which had never been discovered. They were all three

committed for trial on both charges, and indicted at the next assizes. They pleaded guilty to the burglary, and, as it was the year of the Restoration, they begged the benefit of his majesty's gracious pardon and act of oblivion, which was granted them. The judge refused to try them for the murder, as the body had not been found. John at this time still persisted in his story, and said he was afraid to eat in prison, for his mother and brother had attempted to poison him.

At the following assizes, though the body had not been found, the prisoners were arraigned on the charge of murder, and pleaded not guilty. When John's confession was put in evidence, he said that at the time he made it he was mad, and did not know what he was saying. They were all three found guilty and condemned to death. As Joan Perry was supposed to be a witch, and to have cast a spell over her sons, she was executed first, that they, relieved of the spell by her death, might make a full confession of their guilt. The plan, however, did not succeed; for Richard maintained to the last that he was innocent, and urged his brother to confess the truth. But John, in a "dogged and surly manner," declared he knew nothing of his master's death, nor what was become of him, "but they might hereafter possibly hear."

More than two years had passed since the execution of Joan Perry and her two sons, when Mr. Harrison reappeared in London and gave the following account of his adventures:

On the afternoon of Thursday, the 16th of August he went to Charringworth to collect some rents due to Lady Campden. It was harvest time, and the tenants were in the fields, and it was late before they returned, he was detained there till the close of the evening. He had expected to collect a considerable sum of money, but only received £23. On his way home, in a narrow part of the road by Ebridgton Furze, he was met by a horseman, who said, "Art thou there?" Fearful of being ridden over, he struck the horse over the nose with his cane, on which the horseman drew his sword and wounded him. Two more men then came up and seized him. They did not take his money, but put him on horseback behind one of the men, with his arms drawn round the man's middle, and his wrists fastened with something which had a spring-lock. They rode off, and after going some distance stopped by a hay-rick, and took his money. After resting for a few hours they put him again on horseback, and, placing a quantity of money in his pockets, started again. They rode all the next day, and at sunset they came to a low house on a heath. The woman of the house, observ-

ing Mr. Harrison's condition, asked if it was a dead man they had with them. The men told her it was a friend whom they were taking to a surgeon; on which the woman said they had better make haste or their friend would die. They started the next morning, and after riding all Saturday and the greater part of the next day, at three or four o'clock on Sunday evening they came to a "place by the seaside called Deal." Here they laid Mr. Harrison on the ground, and while one stayed and watched him the others went aside and talked to a man, whose name he afterward ascertained was Wrenshaw. He heard them bargaining, and he heard the sum of £7 mentioned, at which Wrenshaw said that he was afraid that he (pointing to Mr. Harrison) would die before he could be got on board. Soon afterward he was put into a boat and taken on board a ship, where his wounds were dressed. He had been about six weeks on board, and was "indifferently recovered of his wounds and weakness," having been kept below all the time, when the master came one day and told him and the others who were with him, that three Turkish ships were in sight. They all offered to fight the Turks, but the captain declined their offer and left them. Soon afterward they were called on deck, and found two Turkish ships lying alongside. On board one of these ships they were taken and kept there in a dark hole for some time, but for how long Mr. Harrison could not tell. At length they were put on shore and taken two day's journey into the country, and there placed in a great house or prison where they remained four days and a half. At the end of that time eight men came to view them, who seemed to be officers, and examined them as to what trades or callings they were of. On being examined, Mr. Harrison said he had some knowledge of physic, upon which he was chosen by a grave physician, eighty-seven years of age, who lived near Smyrna, "who had formerly been in England, and knew Crowland in Lincolnshire, which he preferred before all other places in England." His master employed him to keep the still-house, and gave him a silver bowl double gilt. When Mr. Harrison had been in his service nearly two years, his master fell sick, and being near death sent for him and told him that he must shift for himself. Not many days afterward his master died, and he, anxious to regain his liberty, set off for a seaport, the road to which he knew, having been sent there by his master several times to collect cotton-wool. On his arrival he inquired whether there was an English ship in the harbor. Hearing there was none, he applied to one of the sailors of a Hamburg

ship for a passage; but the man refused, saying he should risk his life if it were discovered by the searchers that he had concealed any one on board. Afterward meeting another of the crew, he tempted him by a promise of his silver bowl to run the risk. The man got him on board and concealed him, laying him by the keel and stowing boards over him. He was not discovered by the searchers, and remained in his place of concealment, the sailor supplying him with food, till the ship made Lisbon. As soon as the master left the ship he was put on shore. He walked up the town, and leaned against a wall in despair, for he was penniless and knew not what to do. His forlorn appearance excited the compassion of one of the passers by, who, finding that he was an Englishman, provided him with the means of reaching his own country.

So ends this extraordinary history. Some doubt seems to have been expressed as to the truth of Mr. Harrison's story; and some persons confidently asserted that he had absconded of his own free will, and had never been out of England. But no reason for such a course was ever, so far as we know, even suggested. All the money he had with him when he disappeared was the £23 which he had received from Plaisterer, and he left in his own house a considerable amount of money belonging to Lady Campden. He was over seventy years of age, and was in an honorable and lucrative position. On the other hand, if his story is true, the motives of his captors are even more inexplicable. Had they wanted his money they could have got it without kidnapping him. And the £7, for which they sold him to Wrenshaw, could hardly have recompensed them for the trouble of taking a three days' journey to the coast. Some suspicion seems to have fallen on Edward Harrison, as the only person who was benefited by his father's disappearance; he succeeded to the stewardship, and his subsequent misconduct in that office created a prejudice against him. But he was very forward in prosecuting the supposed murderers, whom, on this supposition, he must have known were innocent. And, not content with that, he had the place of execution transferred twenty miles, to the Broadway Hills, Campden, within sight of his own window. The only fact which is clear is that no murder was committed. Whether Perry was mad, or what motive he had in sacrificing two innocent lives beside his own, must remain a mystery, on which it is useless to speculate, and which we can not now hope that time will solve.

LIVE BRAVELY.

The world is half-darkened with croakers
Whose burdens are weighing them down,
They croak of their stars and ill-usage,
And grope in the ditch for a crown.
Why talk to the wind of thy fortune,
Or clutch at distinction and gold?
If thou canst not reach high on the ladder,
Thou canst steady its base by thy hold.

For the flower, though hid in the corner,
Will as faultlessly finish its bloom,
Will reach for a sparkle of sunshine
That clouds have not chanced to consume.
And wouldst thou be less than a flower—
With thought, and a brain, and a hand?
Wilt wait for the dribbles of fortune,
When there's something that these may command?

There is food to be won from the furrow,
And forests that wait to be hewn;
There's marble untouched by the chisel,
Days that break not on the forehead of June.
Will you let the plow rust in the furrow—
Unbuilt a house or a hall?
Nor bid the stones wake from their silence—
And fret as if fretting were all?

Go, learn from the blossoms and ant-hill,
There's something your labor must give;
Like the beacon that pierces the tempest,
Strike the clod from thy footing and live.
Live—not trail with thy face in the dross-heap,
In the track of the brainless and proud;
Lift the cerements away from thy manhood—
Thou'rt robbing the dead of a shroud.

There are words and pens to be wielded,
There are thoughts that would die if unsaid.
Wouldst thou saunter away amid roses,
Or sepulcher dreams that are dead?
No, drag the hope to the pyre,
Dreams dead from the ashes will rise;
Look not down on the earth for its shadow,
There is sunlight for thee in the skies.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed, and the birds of spring-time sung!
The garden's brightest glories by sunnier suns are nursed,
But, oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the splendors of the morn
From the milk-white breast that warmed us, from the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that will look on us no more.

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love that we courted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us, with the colors of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—may Heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless our loving wives!

A VERY OLD MAN.

THE inundation of 1771, which swept away the greater part of the old Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, was long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the assizes. The counsel asking his name, received for answer:

"Adam, sir; Adam Thompson."

"Where do you live?"

"At Paradise, sir." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.)

"And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister.

"Ever since the flood," was the reply, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the judge asked for an explanation.

MODERN DEVOTION.

Oh, we walked and talked together
In the happy summer time,
In the warm, delightful weather
When the year was at its prime,
And I loved him—oh! I loved him
From the spring till autumn's fall,
But when the winter came again,
We did n't speak at all!

'T was a night in warm September,
When we plighted first our vows;
But no one heard their murmur,
Save some ruminating cows;
And 't was just as well they did n't,
For, though we meant them true,
Ere the middle of November
They were broken quite in two!

But you must n't think me heartless,
For I loved him, I declare;
He 'd such beautiful moustaches,
And such lovely, curly hair!
Yet, I must confess our sorrow
Was very soon assuaged,
For the odious wretch is married,
And I—well, I'm engaged!

AN AGREEABLE BEDFELLOW.

ONE must be easy in his mind to goto sleep quietly; but what must have been the feelings of the stranger who was sent up-stairs in a Western hotel to sleep with a back-woodsman, who gave him this welcome: "Wa'al stranger, I have no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable considerin' how I dream. You see I am an old trapper, and generally dream of shooting and scalping Injuns. Where I stopped night afore last they charged me five dollars extra, 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-board with my knife while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed if you like; I feel kinder peaceable to-night."

AN IRISHMAN'S HUMOR.

I RECENTLY had the following anecdote related to me about Sir Walter Scott:

He once had an Irishman working for him who was a great drunkard, and who often neglected the work Sir Walter set him to do. One morning, while engaged in his literary labor, word was brought him that his man had returned after a two days' spree. Sir Walter dashed his pen down on his desk, and in great anger ordered the son of Erin to be sent to him immediately. Pat entered, like humbleness personified, and Sir Walter poured out the vials of his wrath:

"You unthankful dog," said he, "here I have been putting up with your misdoings, and forgiving you from time to time; yet no sooner are you in my good graces than you take advantage of me. But this is the last time, sir; we must part!"

"Well," said the gentleman from Ireland, "if we must part, I'm very sorry, and hope that no ill will happen ye; but may I ask, Where are you goin' to?"

He had another trial.

AN Irish gentleman, sojourning at a dashing hotel, felt much annoyed at the smallness of the bottles, considering the high price of wine. One evening, taking his glass with a friend in the coffee-room, the pompous landlord came in, when the gentleman, after apologizing, told him that he and his friend had laid a wager, which he must decide by telling what profession he was bred to. Mine host, after some hesitation at the question, answered that he was bred to the law.

"Then," said the gentleman, "I have lost; for I laid that you were bred a packer."

"A packer, sir!" said the host, swelling like a turkeycock; "what could induce you, sir, to think I was bred a packer?"

"Why, sir," said the other, "I judged so from your wine measures, for I thought no one but a skillful packer could put a quart of wine into a pint bottle."

THE COURIER OF LYONS.

JOEPPH LESURQUES, the victim of as many sad mistakes as ever threw doubt upon circumstantial evidence, was a respectable man residing in Paris. One morning in 1796 he breakfasted at the house of a certain M. Prichard, and it happened that a man named Couriot was of the same party. Four days before this the Lyons mail had been robbed, and the courier and postilion murdered. Couriot was one of the assassins, and when he was arrested some of the witnesses identified Lesurques as having been in his company on the day of the murder. Upon this point the evidence of the witnesses was most positive and unanimous. Lesurques attempted to establish an *alibi* upon evidence that had only one fault, that it was too perfect. The register of the National Guard proved that he was on duty that day. This, if the evidence had stopped, was sufficient, and Lesurques would have been acquitted. But his friends were not satisfied; they brought a jeweler who deposed to a transaction with him on the same day; but when the jeweler's book was produced the entry was found to have been interpolated. This destroyed the whole case for the defense, and Lesurques was found guilty and subsequently executed. It was afterward proved, and that upon the most indubitable testimony, that the unfortunate man was perfectly innocent, and that the cause of the mistake was an extraordinary similitude between him and a man named Dubosq, the real murderer. The horrible event excited the greatest attention in France at the time, and in 1850 was dramatised for the Gaité Theater, from whence it has been transplanted to the Princess's.

"WHERE did you get that hat, Jerry?"

"Borrered it."

"Borrered it?"

"Y-e-s. Borrered it of a feller asleep in the Park. Pete Meyers borrored his coat—Pat Gaffaney his boots—I borrored his hat. Do ye think I'd steal? No, I'd scorn the action."

THE the best adhesive label you can put on your luggage is to stick to it yourself.

LIFE 'S A RAILROAD.

Life 's a railroad! Hurry on:
Always keep a-going!
Never stop to look at flowers,
By the wayside growing;
Never think of any thing
But your present hurry:
What! if you should lose a train
Would n't you be sorry?

What 's the use of sighing so,
After beauty lying
Half asleep beneath the trees,
Where the winds are dying?
Where, through winding cattle paths,
Creep the lazy hours;
And the slow-paced seasons walk
O'er unconscious flowers.

Beauty changes with the times:
Once she chose her shelter
In the shadowy solitudes,
Lest the sun might melt her.
Stronger-breathed, she dashes on,
Now from town to city;
In a locomotive shape,
Nothing 's half so pretty

Life 's a railroad! Hurry on:
Always keep a-going:
Never stop to look at flowers
By the roadside growing.
Never mind what 's on the track;
On — though head swim — faster;
If the engine's progress stops,
That 's the great disaster.

A RICH saddler, whose daughter was afterward married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterward bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

IT WILL ALL BE RIGHT IN THE MORNING.

When the boundless beat of the heart of love,
 And the springing step, grow slow;
 When the form of a cloud in the blue above
 Lies dark on the path below,
 The song that he sings is lost in a sigh,
 And he turns where a STAR is dawning,
 And he thinks, as it gladdens his heart, and his eye:
 "It will all be right in the morning!"

When "the strong man armed," in the middle watch,
 From life's dim deck is gazing,
 And strives, through the wreck of the tempest, to catch
 A gleam of the day-beam's blazing;
 Amid the wild storm, there hard by the helm,
 He heeds not the dark ocean yawning;
 For this SONG in his soul not a sorrow can overwhelm:
 "It will all be right in the morning!"

When the battle is done, the harp unstrung,
 Its music trembling — dying;
 When his woes are unwept, and his deeds unsung,
 And he longs in the grave to be lying,
 Then a VOICE shall charm, as it charmed before
 He had wept or waited the dawning:
 "They do love there for aye — I'll be thine as of yore —
 'It will all be right in the morning!'"

Thus, all through the world, by ship and by shore
 Where the mother bends over
 The cradle, whose tenant "has gone on before;"
 Where the eyes of the lover
 Light the way to the soul; whatever the word,
 A welcome, a wail, or a warning,
 THIS is every where cherished — this every where heard:
 "It will all be right in the morning!"

AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.—A young gentleman from the "rural districts," who advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received answers from eighteen husbands, informing him that he might have theirs.

THE GRAY SWAN.

- “Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A sailing with your ship?”
The sailor’s eyes were dim with dew —
“Your little lad, your Elihu?”
He said with trembling lip —
“What little lad? What ship?”
- “What little lad! as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away.”
- “The other day?” the sailor’s eyes
Stood open with a great surprise —
“The other day? the Swan?”
His heart began in his throat to rise,
“Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on.”
“And so your lad is gone?”
- “Gone with the Swan.” “And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?”
“Why, to be sure! I’ve seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady’s hand,
The wild sea kissing her —
A sight to remember, sir.”
- “But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan’s deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so,
The kerchief from your neck.”
“Ay, and he’ll bring it back.”
- “And did the little lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan’s crew?”
“Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had —
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?”

“And he has never written line,
 Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
 To say he was alive?”
 Hold! if 't was wrong, the wrong is mine;
 Besides, he may be in the brine.
 And could he write from the grave?
 Tut, man! what would you have?”

“Gone twenty years — a long, long cruise —
 'T was wicked thus your love to abuse;
 But if the lad still live,
 And come back home, think you, you can
 Forgive him?” “Miserable man,
 You're mad as the sea — you rave —
 What have I to forgive?”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.
 “My God! my Father! is it true?
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child!
 My dead, my living child!”

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear and sparkled in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will always be wretchedness.

AN Irish editor, claiming the invention of every thing from potatoes to potheen for the Green Isle, gravely claims the piano-forte, and he does it thus: “The piano-forte, of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a long box, and played by machinery.”

A FUNNY ADVENTURE.

"I NEVER attended but one temperance lecture," said our friend B——, with a peculiar smile, "and I do n't think I shall ever attend another."

"You probably found it dry?"

"Well, yes — but that is 'nt it. The lecture was well enough, but I got into such an awful scrape after it was over, that I never think of temperance without a shudder. I'll tell you all about it:

It was at N——, where I was somewhat of a stranger, and the night was one of the worst of the season. Boreas! how it blew! It was enough to take one's breath away. Well, the lecture was over, and making my way through the crowd, I lingered in the doorway, contemplating the awful scene, when somebody suddenly thrust an arm within my own, and clung to me with a bear-like hug.

"Where have you been," said the sweetest voice in the world; "I have been looking for you every where?"

Very much to my surprise, I turned and saw — what I can't describe here. It makes me sad to think how prodigiously pretty she was. With her left hand she leaned on my arm, while with her right she was arranging her vail, and did not notice my surprise.

You have been looking for me?

"Yes, and now let's be going," was her reply, pressing my arm

A thrill went to my heart. What to make of my lady's address I did not know — but to accompany her. We started off in the tempest, the noise of which prevented any conversation. At length she said with a scream:

"Put your arm around me, or I shall blow away!"

I need not describe to you my sensation as I pressed her to my side and hurried on. It was very dark; nobody saw us; and, allowing her to guide my steps, I followed her motions through two or three short streets, until she stopped before an elegant mansion.

"Have you your key?" she asked.

My key! I stammered, there must be some mistake.

As she opened the door, I stood ready to bid her good night, or to have some explanation, when, turning quickly she said:

"How queer you act to-night — ain't you coming in?"

There was something very tempting in the suggestion. Was I going in? A warm house and a pretty woman were certainly ob-

jects of consideration, and it was dreary to think of facing the driving storm, and seeing her no more. It took me three quarters of a second to make up my mind, and I went.

"There was a dim light in the hall, and as my guide ran rapidly up stairs, why I could do no better than run up too. I followed her into a very dark room.

"Lock the door, John," she said.

Now, as if I were the only John in the world, I thought she knew me. I felt for the key, turned it in the lock without hesitation, wondering at the same time what was coming next. Then an awful suspicion of some horrid trick flashed upon my mind; I had often heard of infatuated men being lured to their destruction by pretty women, and I was on the point of opening the door when my lady struck a light. Then, to my dismay, I discovered I was in a bed-room alone with a strange woman. I said something; I don't know what it was; but the lady lighted a lamp, looked, stared at me an instant, turned as white as a pillow-case, and screamed:

"Who are you? How came you here? Go, quick; leave the room; I thought you were my husband;" and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically.

I was nearly petrified. Of course I was as anxious to leave as she was to have me; but, in my confusion, instead of going out at the door I came in at, I walked into a closet, and before I could rectify my error there came a thundering at the hall door.

The lady's real husband had come, she flew to let him in. Well aware that it would be of no use to try to get out of the house by any other way than that in which I entered it, and convinced of the danger of meeting the man who might fall into the vulgar weakness of being jealous, I was trying to collect my shattered senses, in the darkness, when the wrathful husband burst into the room followed by madam. The light was extinguished, and while she was searching for a friction match, the gruff voice raved and stormed, jealous and revengeful.

"I know he is here, I saw him come into the house with you! You locked the door; I'll have his heart out — where is he?"

"Hear me! Hear me! I will explain," urged the lady.

As I listened to hear the explanation the husband walked plump against me, and at the same moment the light appeared.

"Well, B——," we cried, deeply interested, for we knew that every word of his story was true, "how did you get out of the scrape?"

I used a violent remedy for so violent a complaint. Driven into a corner — my life in danger — perceiving at a glance that Othello was not so strong as I was, I threw myself upon him, fell with him, and held him there until I had given a full explanation of the error, made him hear reason, and tamed him to be gentle as a lamb. Then I left, rather unceremoniously, and I have never seen Othello or Desdemona since.

THE PARTING KISS.—A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

A SHORT time ago a gentleman — a resident of Mad River township — came to Urbana one evening, in order to take the night (through accommodation) train for Springfield.

Finding the car full, he remained standing for a time. Becoming tired he asked a lady the privilege of occupying a part of the seat belonging to her. [Now it must be known to all night travelers that this train — or this car, rather — is dark; that is, illuminated by a dim light only, which does n't "shed its luster thereof" very extensively.] Well, a conversation, and it turned to almost everything — weather, politics, etc., and finally to personal and particular matters. The gentleman informed her that he was a widower; she in return, remarked (she was dressed in black) that she was a widow.

The "lone woman" seemed pleased with the widower. Not heeding the advice of the elder Weller to his dutiful son — "Samivel, be vare of vidders" — he became more affectionate in his remarks; and as the train left Hunt's station, he asked a favor, as they were about to part, that she would bestow a kiss. She at first hesitated, but afterward consented. He gallantly asked her to lift her vail; she was timid, and modestly begged him to exercise the privilege himself.

The train whistled — now was the accepted time! He gently raised the vail, when in popped the conductor with a glaring lamp, and there, dazzling the happy face of the gentleman from Mad River, was the — luscious lips, glistening teeth, extensive nose, white eyes, charcoal countenance, and wavy hair of a she American of African descent! He did not take that kiss.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward to sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street he paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my symphony in F," he said, eagerly. "Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a little, mean dwelling; and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more — it is so beautiful, it is so utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne?"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right; and yet I wish, for once in my life, to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

"Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said in an excited tone. "Here is feeling — genius — understanding. I will play to her, and she will understand it!" And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old fashioned harpischord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music, and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave — somewhat annoyed.

"I — I also overheard some thing of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — shall I play for you?"

There was some thing so odd in the whole affair, and some thing so eccentric and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the ice was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; but our harpischord is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the frau-lein ——"

He paused and colored up, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear?"

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us, when we lived at Bruhl two years. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys the very tone of the instrument began to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpischord as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker rose, and approaching him eagerly, yet reverently—"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indul-

gently, kingly. "Listen!" he said, and he played the opening bars of the symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more — only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window and lit up his glorious rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars — then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the sward. Then came a swift *agitato finale* — a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door; "farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it!" We did so, and he sat over it till long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

HAPPY HIT. — Charles II. playing at tennis with a dignified prebend, who had struck the ball well, exclaimed, "That's a good stroke for a dean." "I'll give it the stroke of a bishop if your majesty pleases," was the rejoinder.

TOO LATE.

I am dreaming, mother, dreaming,
Softly night is stealing on,
Round the rosy brow of morning
He has somber shadows drawn.
On my lowly pallet tossing,
'Mid the dying and the dead,
Naught to break the weary silence
But the surgeon's solemn tread.

I am dreaming, mother, dreaming,
Of my boyhood's early home —
Of the valley and the meadow,
Where in sport I used to roam.
O'er many lands I've wandered,
Many fields and mountains o'er,
But they charm me not, my mother,
As the mossy plains of yore.

I have wayward been, and erring,
But I'm coming to the right;
Through the gloomy shades of evening
I have seen a vision bright.
Weary months have passed, dear mother,
Since we parted — thou in tears —
But you knelt beside me, mother,
Praying as in bygone years.

Thou art old and feeble, mother;
Who will smooth thy furrowed brow?
Who will lift the heavy burden
That is creeping o'er thee now?
Weary, weak, and helpless, mother —
Friendless, starving, who can tell!
I am coming, mother, coming,
Once again with thee to dwell.

I am coming — there's an order —
"Send your wounded soldiers home;"
Comrades, have you heard the tidings?
We are coming! lo! we come!
O'er distant lands and rivers,
Floats our banner to the breeze;
How I long to see it gleaming
Through the dear old maple trees.

I am coming, mother, coming,
 But the night is strangely cold,
 And the pallid arms around me
 Seem with icy hands to hold.
 I am coming, coming, coming,
 Though — I — can not — see the way,
 HE will lead me through the darkness
 Into everlasting day.

* * * * *

With the passing of the shadows,
 Into morning fair and bright,
 There had passed another spirit
 Into never ending light.
 With the black pall laid above him,
 They have borne him through the gate —
 On his breast a beachen garland,
 At his feet the words, "Too late!"

THE PROUD MAN

THE proud man is a fool in fermentation, and swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumor and swelling of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress, and he makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He is his own favorite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but above mankind. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has received to have a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others, and he is no better than his own parasite and flatterer.

"LET me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

JESSIE'S SONG.

When the dimpled water slippeth,
Full of laughter on its way,
And her wing the wagtail dippeth,
Running by the brink at play;
When the poplar leaves atremble
Turn their edges to the light,
And the far up clouds resemble
Veins of gauze most clear and white,
And the sunbeams fall and flutter,
Woodland moss and branches crown
And the glossy finches chatter
Up and down, up and down:
Though the heart be not attending,
Having music of her own,
On the grass through meadows wending,
It is sweet to walk alone.

When the falling waters utter
Something mournful on its way
And departing swallows flutter,
Taking leave of bank and brae:
When the goldfinch idly sitteth,
With her mate upon the sheaves,
And the wistful robin flitteth
Over beds of yellow leaves;
When the clouds, like ghosts that ponder
Evil fate, float by and frown,
And the listless wind doth wander
Up and down, up and down:
Though the heart be not attending,
Having sorrows of her own,
Through the fields and fallows wending,
It is sad to walk alone.

"My dear boy," said a country schoolmaster to a promising scholar, whose quarter, was up, "does your father design that you should tread the intricate and thorny path of a profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?" "No, zur," replied the prodigy; "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tatur patch."

OUR PUBLIC CHARITIES.

Few persons who have not investigated the subject are aware of the number and magnitude of our public charities. They are co-extensive with the country, and embrace every kind of necessity, suffering, form of disease, and condition of life. They are for the young and old, for the diseased in mind and body, for the poor in purse and for the poor in spirit. There is hardly a state or municipality without them, and, though far from being perfect in discipline or organization, the improvements made in the last twenty years give promise that nothing is left undone to insure ultimate success in all that is within the reach of skill and benevolence.

Our country, with all its peculations, speculations, and vices, with all its zeal which is not according to knowledge; with all its forgeries, embezzlements, and fast living; with its terrible record of daily accidents by flood and field; with all its frivolities in public and private life — is not without its virtues. It is well to know our national faults and correct them, but none the less well to know our national virtues and improve upon them. As a people, we are not worse nor better than the rest of the world of the same opportunities and civilization; and it is equally a mistake to magnify or belittles our national peculiarities. If we love money as a people, we also love to spend it, and not always in jewels, gewgaws, equipages, dresses, or excesses upon our persons and dwellings.

IN a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," etc., the word *courting* comes to a young miss of fourteen to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "Very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and held down her head. "Ellen, do n't you know what courting agrees with?" "Ye-ye-yes, sir." "Well, Ellen, why do n't you parse the word? What does it agree with?" Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen at last says, "It — agrees with all the girls, sir."

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CHOOSING A PHYSICIAN.

THERE is an Eastern story of a certain prince who had received from a fairy the faculty of not only assuming whatever appearance he thought proper, but of discerning the wandering spirits of the departed. He had long labored under a chronic disease, that none of the court physicians, ordinary or extraordinary, could relieve; and he resolved to wander about the streets of his capital until he could find some one, regular or irregular, who could alleviate his sufferings. For this purpose he donned the garb and the appearance of a dervise. As he was passing through one of the principal streets, he was surprised to see it so thronged with ghosts, that, had they still been inhabitants of their former earthly tenements, they must have obstructed the thoroughfare. But what was his amazement and dismay, when he saw that they were all grouped, with anxious looks, around the door of his father's physician, haunting, no doubt, the man to whom they attributed their untimely doom. Shocked with the sight, he hurried to another part of the city, where resided another physician of the court, holding the second rank in fashionable estimation. Alas! his gateway was surrounded with the ghosts of reproachful departed patients. Thunderstruck at such a discovery, and returning thanks to the Prophet that he was still in the flesh, despite the practice of these great men, he resolved to submit all the other practitioners to a similar visit; and he was grieved to find that the scale of ghosts kept pace with the scale of their medical rank. Heart-broken, and despairing of a cure, he was slowly sauntering back to the palace, when in an obscure street, and on the door of an humble dwelling, he read a doctor's name. One single poor solitary ghost, leaning his despondent cheek upon his fleshless hand, was seated on the doctor's steps.

"Alas!" exclaimed the prince, "it is, then, too true that humble merit withers in the shade, while ostentatious ignorance inhabits golden mansions. This poor, neglected doctor, who has but one unlucky case to lament, is then the only man in whom I can place confidence."

He rapped: the door was opened by the doctor himself, a venerable old man, not rich enough, perhaps, to keep a domestic to answer his unfrequented calls. His white locks and flowing beard added to the confidence which his situation had inspired. The elated youth then related at full length all his complicated ailments,

and the still more complicated treatment to which he had in vain been submitted. The sapient physician was not illiberal enough to say the prince's attendants had all been in error, since all mankind may err; but his sarcastic smile, the curl of his lips, and the dubious shake of his hoary head, most eloquently told the anxious patient that he considered his former physicians as an ignorant, murderous set of upstarts, only fit to depopulate a community. With a triumphant look he promised a cure, and gave his overjoyed patient a much-valued prescription. This the prince carefully confided to his bosom; after which he expressed his gratitude by pouring upon the doctors table a purse of golden sequins, which made the old man's blinking eyes shine as brightly as the coin he beheld in wondrous delight. His joy gave suppleness to his rigid spine; and, after bowing the prince out in the most obsequious manner, he ventured to ask him one humble question.

"By what good luck," he said, "by what kind planet, have you been led to seek my advice?"

The prince naturally asked for the reason of so strange a question; to which the worthy doctor replied, with eyes brimful of tears of gratitude—

"Oh! sir; because until this happy moment I considered myself the most unfortunate man in Bagdad; for I have been settled in this noble and wealthy city for the last fifteen years, and have only been able to obtain one single patient."

"Ah!" cried the prince, in despair, "then it must be that poor, solitary, unhappy-looking ghost that is now sitting on your steps!"

MARRIAGE PORTIONS.—At the wedding of the Count d'Artois the city of Paris agreed to distribute marriage portions. A smart girl of sixteen, named Louise Noisin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover. "Oh," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city was to furnish every thing!" The answer created great mirth, and a husband was soon found for her.

MRS. PARTINGTON wants to know if the Pope sent any of his bulls to the cattle-show?

THE THREE WISHES.

THERE was once a wise emperor who made a law that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice if when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when one day a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom.

Sorrow stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this was done, the young man said to his jailers, "You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us."

The first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection.

This occurred in the time when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a town set apart for the purpose, and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made hosts of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning, and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to the prisoner, "tell me what your third de-

mand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over, to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, Sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see any thing—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized, then," cried the king.

But the steward protested, with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed any thing of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count. In short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offense, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offense committed, the count can not be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; and then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offense than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

A SURE CURE FOR HYSTERICS.—Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like "flying around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. "Some women think they want a physician," he says, "when they only need a scrubbing-brush."

ALMOST every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver and a weaver himself.

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook.

Cervantes was a common soldier.

Homer was the son of a small farmer.

Moliere was the son of tapestry maker.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Terence was a slave.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a London brewer.

Howard was an apprentice to a grocer.

Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, was the son of a linen-draper.

Daniel Defoe was an hostler, and son of a butcher.

Whitfield was the son of an inn-keeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudly Shovel, Rear Admiral of England, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterward a cabin-boy.

Bishop Prideau worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardingshire, and performed his journey to Oxford on foot.

Edmund Hailey was the son of a soap-boiler at Shoreditch.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer.

Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a shopkeeper.

Shakspeare was the son of a wood stapler.

Milton was the son of a money scrivener.

Robert Burns was a plowman in Ayrshire.

Confucius was a carpenter.

Mohammed, called the prophet, was a driver of asses.

Mohamet Ali was a barber.

Madame Bernadotte was a washerwoman of Paris.

Napoleon, a descendant of an obscure family of Corsica, was a Major when he married Josephine, the daughter of a tobacconist creole of Martinique.

General Escartero was a vestry clerk.

Bolivar was a druggist.

Vasco de Gama was a sailor.

John Jacob Astor once sold apples in the streets of New York.

Catharine, Empress of Russia, was a camp grisette.

Cincinnatus was plowing his vineyard when the dictatorship of Rome was offered him.

To this list the Copperheads add:

Abraham Lincoln was "a clownish rail-splitter!"

Andrew Johnson was "a boorish tailor!"

A CHINESE STORY.

THERE were two short-sighted men, who were always quarreling as to which of them could see the best; and as they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers of each to the test. But each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and looking quite close to the tablet saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went, and prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and future," read from smaller characters, "This tablet was raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man." On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read. Chang exclaimed: "The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'" "True," said Chang, "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read, but you can not, and which is written in small characters: 'Erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'" "There is no such inscription," said Ching. "There is," said Chang. So they waxed wroth, and after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard their story, and quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

"How," said a county court judge to a witness, "do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" "Because I saw him, a few minutes after supper, trying to pull off his trousers with a bootjack." Verdict for the defendant.

WERE I A STAR

Were I a bright and glittering star,
Set in the firmament above,
I'd pierce the densest clouds that are,
And watching o'er thee from afar,
I'd prove thy beacon-light of love.
A Star of Hope, so dazzling, bright,
To lead thee through life's troublous sea;
Onward I'd point thee to thy flight,
Upward I'd lure thee by my light —
I'd prove a guiding-star to thee.

Were I a bird, on fluttering wing,
For thee I'd tune my matin lay;
For thee my sweetest notes I'd sing;
For thee I'd make the echoes ring
Through all the gladsome summer day;
And in the dewy eventide,
When other birds had sought their nest,
Still nearer thee would I abide,
And warbling softly by thy side,
I'd gently lull thee to thy rest.

Were I yon lovely fragile flower,
So delicate and fair to see,
Contented in my woody bower,
I'd linger out my little hour.
So thou didst cast one glance on me;
Or gathered from my lowly bed,
For thee I'd put fresh beauty on,
For thee I'd raise my drooping head,
For thee my richest fragrance shed,
Then fade and die when thou wert gone.

But golden stars, however bright,
Will pale and vanish in the day;
The skylark's song will cease at night;
And lilies wither in the light,
Whilst I would ever near thee stay.
So truer than the flickering star,
More lasting than the fragile flower,
More constant than the warblers are,
I'd ever watch thee, near or far,
And love and serve thee hour by hour.

TEMPTATION.

THE power of true manhood is most remarkably illustrated when successful resistance is made against the seductions of the insidious demon, Passion, clad in the celestial garb of Love. None but those who have emerged scathless from the fiery ordeal can appreciate the horrors of the trial — the blandishments of vicious desires, the apologies of complacent self-love, and the promptings of base sensuality — ending in the revulsion of feeling which awakened conscience causes by its imperious demands for the crucifixion of the soul's intensest longings. The following well-written poem was handed to us by a literary gentleman to whom it was sent by the author :

JOSEPH.

Take back my answer — No!
 Tell her her love is hopeless, and that she
 Can never be more than she's now to me—
 My friend. I'd be her foe
 If I unto her love suit should say, "Yes;"
 And though she curse me now, one day she'll bless
 Me for my answer. To your mistress go!

Her husband's not my friend,
 And I'm but man, and she is very fair;
 And in my hand I have her written prayer,
 To come to her — or send
 Assurance that I love her; asking me
 To fly with her — "from him" — across the sea,
 Where love shall never end!

I know he loves her not;
 She says she married him e'er she knew me;
 She says she'd give the world if she were free
 To share my life and lot;
 She says her life with him is worse than hell;
 She says her husband's gold and life she'd sell
 To buy my love and cot.

Weak woman! — her own foe;
 Thank God! that I, like Joseph, can be strong;
 Can say, Get thee behind me! to the wrong,
 And like him can say, No!
 Tell her her love is hopeless, and that she
 Can never be more than she's now to me;
 So — 'cross the sea I go.

I love her more than life —
 Poor girl! she hath a husband, but no mate —
 For me her heart is love — for him 't is hate
 Since she became his wife;
 She tempts me, scarcely knowing the great wrong;
 But if she's weak, I, thanks to God, am strong,
 And pure, where sin is rife.

If she were only free! —
 The thought doth fire my weak and wayward blood,
 And yet, I never can depart from good,
 Nor her damnation be;
 'Twere better we had never met, poor heart!
 This very night for ever must we part —
 Alone I'll cross the sea.

Alone! ah, were she free;
 Alas! th' electric thought is idle — vain;
 It gave me pleasure, now it gives me pain;
 Yet she was made for me!
 And like a second Eve she tempts me,
 I know, if I yield to her, that we shall die,
 So it can never be.

And so farewell. I go
 For ever from thee. O my love, my love!
 Be true and good, and I'll be thine above,
 My heart goes with my "No;"
 Take both! and when these earthly chains are riven,
 If we be true, we'll meet again, in heaven.
 Am I your friend or foe?

"My brudders," said a waggish darkey to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your trubbles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy." "Whar? Whar?" shouted several of his auditors. "In de dictionary!" he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

A TOAST.— At an agricultural dinner the following toast was given: "The game of fortune—shuffle the cards as you will, spades will always win."

THINGS THAT ADAM NEVER KNEW.

Adam never knew what 't was to be a boy,
To wheedle pennies from a doating sire,
With which to barter for some pleasing toy,
Or calm the rising of a strong desire —

To suck an orange. Nor did he
E'er cast the shuttlecock to battledore,
Nor wear his trousers out at the knee,
From playing marbles on the kitchen floor.

He never skated o'er the frozen rill,
When winter's covering o'er the earth was spread,
Nor glided down the slippery hill,
With pretty girls upon his sled.

He never swung upon his father's gate,
Nor slept in sunshine upon the cellar door,
Nor roasted chestnuts at the kitchen grate.
Nor spun his humming-top upon the floor.

He ne'er amused himself with rows of bricks,
To see if one fell, all the rest came down;
Nor gazed delighted at the funny tricks
Of harlequin, or traveling circus clown.

By gradual growth he never reached the age
When cruel Cupid first invokes his art,
And stamps love's lesson page by page
On the growing tablets of a youngling's heart.

He never wandered forth on moonlight nights,
With her he loved above all earthly things,
Nor tried to mount old Pindar's rocky heights,
Because he fancied love had lent him wings.

He never tripped it o'er the ball-room floor,
Where love and music intertwined their charms;
Nor wandered listless by the sandy shore,
Debarred the pleasure of his lady's arms.

For Adam—so at least 't is said,
By many an old and modern sage—
Before a moment of his life had fled,
Was fully thirty years of age.

ARTEMUS WARD IN BOSTING.

ARTEMUS thus writes concerning his late visit to the "Modern Atkins:"

The winder of my room commands a exhileratin view of Copp's Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the reformers and sich, lies berried. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is womin who wear him next their hearts. But I do not weep for him. He's been dead too lengthy. I ain't goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naborhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice orphan, he is.

Bunker's Hill is over yonder in Charlestown. In 1775 a thrillin dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their business, major-generally speakin', and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the old times.

The Common is here as ushil; and the cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with some Bildins, is a onhappy outcast in Naponit.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but some of'm wear queer hats. They Buy 'm, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailing stile, or ten years behind it—jest as an intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'm the Eye of 1000 ages was onto we American people of to-day. They seemed deeply imprest with the remark, and wanted to know if I'd seen the Grate Orgin.

Harvard Collidge. This celebrated institooshun of lernin is pleasantly situated in the bar-room of Parker's, in Shool street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this" I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of

oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers spilt their Blud! Classic ground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, tain't worth a dam. But have you seen the Grate Orgin?"

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and smilin' in a seduciv manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," said she, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackerel—he died there, so I conclood you aint him." I did n't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin?

We old chaps, my dear, are apt to forgit that it is some time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin' of further int'rest took place on the cars except a colored gentlemen, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Breastpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I would n't—not a purpuss.

Altho' fur from the prahayries, there is abundants of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover and Purps.

I ment to have alluded to the Grate Orgin in this lettor, but I hav'n't seen it. Mr. Reeveer, whose tavern I stopped at, informs me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in New Hampshire, any clear day. But setin' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there). Unlike every other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen do n't seem to have been intended by natur for the Christian profession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you do n't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled sum way, from the Risin' of the Sun to the goin' down thereof. I say, there4, loud and continued applause for Boston.

At a wedding the other day, one of the guests, who is often a little absent, observed, gravely, "I have remarked that there have been more women than men married this year."

LOST JEWELS.

THE death of an obscure German artist, and the recent revival, before one of the Paris courts, of the celebrated diamond necklace *cause celebre*, bring to mind a singular adventure which caused some years ago great scandal at the court of Munich. Before Lola Montez went to the capital of Bavaria, King Louis' attention was attracted by a German *prima donna*, Charlotte Kendrick. One morning King Louis discovered, as he crossed the palace nursery, the floor of the room covered with his children's toys; among them were several doll babies. He was on his way to Charlotte Kendrick's rooms. He thought that a single doll would scarcely be missed from among the numerous toys that filled the floor. He put one of them, the first he could lay his hands upon, in his pocket. When he reached Charlotte Kendrick's lodgings he gave the doll to her child, and forgot every thing about it. While the king was closeted with the *prima donna*, the palace was in an indescribable state of confusion. A great robbery was discovered to have been committed in the queen's chamber. A valuable turquoise, surrounded with enormous diamonds, and worth above \$20,000, had been purloined. The unfortunate occurrence was concealed as long as possible from the king, for he had given the jewel to his wife and prized it extremely. It could not be kept longer from him, and the moment he was informed of it he sent for the police, and ordered that no pains should be spared to discover the culprit, whom he vowed should be severely punished. Several servants were arrested on suspicion. A state concert was given that evening. All the diplomatic corps and the most distinguished company of the court were present. The daring robbery committed in the morning was the subject of general conversation. The turquoise was familiar to everybody in the court theater. Charlotte Kendrick appeared in the third piece; it was some favorite *bravura* from a grand opera. She was dressed in light blue silk, trimmed with white lace. She advanced to the front of the stage, and bowed to the sovereigns, and then to the other spectators. As she rose from the profound obeisance made, all eyes were riveted with astonishment upon her stomacher; there glittered the royal gem lost that morning! A buzz of wonder ran around the room. The king blushed deeply. He saw at once how the alleged theft had occurred. His children, finding the breastpin on the table, thrust it into the dress of their favorite doll. He had not ob-

served it, and had given it to the *prima donna's* daughter. Charlotte Kendrick did not see the valuable breastpin until after the king's departure. She thought he had, for delicacy, adopted this indirect way to make her a valuable present; and to thank him as delicately, she wore it next her heart at the state concert. The king was obliged to confess what had taken place, and to explain the mistake to the *prima donna*, who with a heavy heart surrendered the valuable trinket. The palace servants were at once released with a valuable gratuity in money to compensate them for their imprisonment.

RATHER FOGGY.

ONE DAY, off the coast of North Carolina, we got into a fog that lasted us the three-day watches, so dense that we could see the channel the steamer cut through it three miles astern like a new road cut through a cedar swamp.

Lounging along forward about seven in the forenoon watch, I drifted in ear-shot of two forecastle blockaders, just as one of them put out a feeler in this wise:

"I say, Bob, did ye ever see sich a fog as this ere afore?"

"Ay-aye, bo, I have that; I've seen fogs down along the Stable Banks and about Canso, that this ere stuff would n't be more'n a bit of mist alongside' of."

"How thick was it, Bob?"

"Wal, once when I was in the old Rifleman, and we were goin' out to Quebec after deals, we run into a fog bank one day that carried away our jib-boom, and stove in all our port bulwarks. There was lots of gulls and other big birds stuck fast all in among the fog, jest like sheep in a big snow-drift; not a bird of them could move a wing. We'd been on allowance of water two weeks, and the carpenter sawed chunks enough out of that are fog to fill every cask in the ship. It was tip-top water that fog made, but it did n't melt very fast; some of it wasn't melted when we got back to Liverpool, three months afterward."

Good sayings always suffer by repetition; good deeds never do.

STORIES FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

THE STORY OF MARY HARRIS.

MARY HARRIS was a little girl who lived in Chi-ca-go. She was a very pret-ty lit-tle girl, and one day an old bach-e-lor fell in love with her. So he used to write fine letters to her and call her "Rose-bud," and "Puss," and "Lit-tle Mol-lie." But he went to Wash-ing-ton and got mar-ri-ed, and soon for-got his "Lit-tle Mol-lie." When Mary Har-ris heard the news she bought a pret-ty pis-tol and went to Wash-ing-ton too. There she found the old bach-e-lor in a big build-ing which they called the Treas-u-ry De-part-ment. So she went up to him and shot him with the pret-ty pis-tol. The bul-let went into the old bach-e-lor. This made him feel bad and he died. Then Mary Har-ris cried, for she was a good girl and very af-fec-tion-ate. Then the Sec-re-tary came to see Mary Har-ris, and pit-ied her very much. Then the editors came to see her, and pit-ied her very much. For Mary Har-ris was very pret-ty, and so af-fec-tion-ate. And the jailers of the pris-on all pit-ied her, and the judg-es, and the jury that tried her, and the lawyers all pit-ied lit-tle Mary Har-ris. So they let her go free, and the good jur-ors said it was all a mis-take—that she had n't killed any-body. And every-body kis-sed Mary Har-ris because she was a pret-ty girl. And the peo-ple all huz-za'd. And every-body was very happy and huz-za'd, except the old bach-e-lor, who could n't huz-za, because he was dead. O, what a nice thing it is to be a pret-ty girl and shoot an old bach-e-lor. Lit-tle girls, be af-fec-tion-ate and shoot old bach-e-lors.

THE STORY OF SUSAN NIPPER.

Susan Nipper was a little girl with black eyes. She liked little John-ny Jones very much, for John-ny used to give her mot-toes and car-o-mels. One day when they were play-ing for-feits, John-ny was told to "kiss the one he loved best." Now little Susan Nipper thought that John-ny would kiss *her*, but John-ny went up and kissed Mary Smith in-stead, who had a freck-led face and red hair. Then Susan Nip-per took a chop-per and chop-ped off John-ny's head. Then her pa-rents in-stant-ly said: "How af-fec-tion-ate our Su-san must be."

THE STORY OF MARIA JENKINS.

Maria Jen-kins was a love-ly lit-tle girl who lived at Dutch Flat.

One night when she was at a par-ty with her beau, she went into the corner of the room and wept bitterly. And her friend Sarah Skin-ner asked her why she cried. "Because," said Maria Jen-kins, "William Stubbs, my beau, has danced twice with that hor-rid Lucy Sprig-gins." "Do not cry," said Sarah Skin-ner, who was a very obliging girl, "Re-mem-ber Mary Har-ris!" Then Maria Jen-kins dried her face, and went and got a cannon from the arm-ory, and shot William Stubbs through the head. Then the people all said: "What a loving heart has Maria Jen-kins, and how oblig-ing is Sarah Skin-ner."

A LIFE SAVED BY AN INSECT.

AN incident, trivial in itself, was the means of saving M. Latreille, when in prison, from the terrible fate of his fellow victims. The surgeon who visited the jail in which Latreille was confined one day observed him carefully examining a small beetle which had found its way into his place of confinement. Upon inquiry, he was informed by the prisoner that the insect was a very rare one; and he then expressed a wish to keep it for the purpose of presenting it to two naturalists of his acquaintance, living at Bordeaux. The wish was readily complied with, and the insect was conveyed to M. Bory de St. Vincent and M. Dargelas. Latreille's eminence as an entomologist was already known to these gentlemen, and being thus made acquainted with his perilous and uncertain situa-tion, they immediately exerted themselves to obtain, if possible, his liberation, in which they ultimately succeeded. One trembles to think that a month later he must in all probability have shared the fate of his fellow-prisoners, who were shipped as convicts for Cay-enne, and the vessel which conveyed them foundered in the Bay of Biscay, when every soul on board perished! The deliverance was truly marvelous, if we refer to its cause—the accidental discovery of an insect. It has been said by one of our great divines that "a fly with God's message could choke a king!" A little insignificant beetle thus saved Latreille. How obscure are the means God often employs, and how apparently inadequate the instrument he uses to effect his wondrous purposes! It is as though he said, in lan-guage not to be mistaken, "I kill and I make alive."

A VICTIM.

Sickness and health have been having a game with me,
 Tossing me, just like a ball, too and fro.
 Pleasure and pain have been doing the same with me,
 Treating me simply like something to throw.
 Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday,
 In a balloon that she happens to keep;
 Then, as a damp upon rather a jolly day,
 Grief in her diving bell took me down deep.

Poverty came pretty early — bad luck to her! —
 Truly she makes an affectionate wife.
 I, like a fool, have been faithful, and stuck to her;
 She'll stick to me for the rest of my life.
 As for our children, (I wish we had drown'd them all) —
 Those I regard as the worst of my ills.
 How can you wonder to hear me "confound" them all,
 See that most of these children are "Bills?"

Hope, who was once an occasional visitor,
 Never looks in on us now for a chat.
 Memory comes, though — the cruel inquisitor
 (Not that I feel much the better for that!)
 Hope was a liar, there's no use in denying it:
 Memory's tales are decidedly true.
 Yet I confess that I like, after trying it,
 Hope's conversation the best of the two.

FRUGALITY. — It appears evident, says Dr. Johnson, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expense; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune is not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expense there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a kind of wild desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they can not escape it, or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavor at once to spend idly and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

"SOMEBODY'S DARLING."

Into a ward of the white-washed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the sun of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mold —
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for "somebody's" sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take —
They were somebody's pride, you know;
"Somebody's" hand hath rested there —
Was it a mother's, soft and white —
And had the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light.

God knows best. He was somebody's love,
"Somebody's" heart enshrined him there;
"Somebody" wafted his name above,
Night and morn in the wings of prayer.
"Somebody" wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
"Somebody's" kiss on his forehead lay,
"Somebody" clung to his parting hand.

"Somebody's" watching and waiting for him.
Yearning to hold him again to their heart.
And there he lies with blue eyes dim.
And the smiling child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve in the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's" darling slumbers here.

FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart,
Like the little mountain flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier flowret's dead;
So when outward charms are gone
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gently, kindly, loving heart.
Ye in worldly wisdom old —
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had crusted o'er
Feelings good and pure before —
Ere you sold at Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart?
Grant me, heaven, my earnest prayer —
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart!

THE editor of a paper in Nevada, speaking of kissing a bride, says: "We never had a bride that we can remember, for the reason that we are too poor and intelligent; but should the future have one in store for us, and any man should attempt that privilege, we'll knock chips enough from his nose to exempt him from the draft."

DOWN BEYOND THE SAW-MILL

"Whither going, Daisy Allen?
 Where away with gipsy hat
 Slung across the ringlets' ripple?"
 Tying down the saucy flat,
 Touching lightly faithful Bruno,
 Daisy turned her pretty head:
 "Going down beyond the saw-mill,"
 Thus the little maiden said.

"Gentians pale are always blooming
 Just beyond the water-wheel,
 And the wild rose where the water
 At the fall begins to reel:
 In the brook are snowy pebbles,
 And they shine like flakes of snow,
 While the whirring of the saw-mill
 Seem's to haste the water's flow."

* * * * *

"Whither going, Daisy Allen,
 Now the sun is in the west,
 And his golden light but lingers
 On the distant mountain's crest?"
 Why did Daisy's accents falter,
 And her cheek grow ashy white,
 Saying "Just beyond the saw-mill,"
 With an eye so strangely bright?

Ah! no blossom pale she gathers,
 No flower wet with failing spray,
 From the brook no shining pebble
 Seeks the wandering girl to-day:
 Words so soft and strangely winning,
 Making wrong appear the right,
 Whispered one beyond the saw-mill —
 "Father — mother — home — good-night!"

* * * * *

An old man, pale, and wan, and weary,
 Walked in sunset's fading light;
 If any asked why thus he wandered,
 Quick he spoke — "T is almost night,
 And I'm looking for my darling
 Daisy, lost so long ago!
 I shall find her by the saw-mill,
 Where she loved so well to go."

Gentians pale are blooming yonder,
And the rose-leaves flutter down —
Down on something white and ghastly,
Golden tresses wet to brown :
Pale lips that can tell no story,
But there needs no tale to tell,
In the shadow of the saw-mill
Daisy Allen sleepeth well.

SINGULARITIES OF BIRDS.

BISHOP STANLEY tells a story of a nightingale, which, after being reared from the nest and kept in a cage a couple of winters, was allowed to fly about freely among the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds during the song season. The nightingale would always return to be fed out of the hand when called by a known voice. When the migration time came, it seemed uneasy for a day or two; but the cage being hung out of doors, it would enter it during the cold autumnal evenings, and being carried in-doors, would pass the winter singing sweetly from Christmas unto April. Much — we do not as yet know how much — in the habits of birds of what is ascribed to instinct, is the result of teaching. Old song-birds teach their tunes to the young by giving them music-lessons which are not paid for by the hour. Hawks drill their offspring in hawking. Travelers in virgin forests are astonished at the confidence of birds which have never witnessed the effects of the rifle. A hen-house sparrow, whose leg was kindly set by a lady, brought another sparrow to undergo the same operation, and spent the winter nights for years in the apartment in which she had received the kind treatment, flying out every morning and returning every evening, except during the breeding season. Rooks which fly away with cries of alarm, if they see a man with a gun approaching them in the fields, are not frightened when they see a man with a gun in town.

WORDSWORTH cautions a studious friend against “growing double,” but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Oh, where will be the birds that sing
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip and lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now?
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church, with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood, with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

At a station on the overland route the keeper got rather short of provisions — in fact had nothing left but a bottle of mustard and some bacon. As the stage stopped there one day to change horses the passengers seated themselves at the table, and the host said :

“Shall I help you to a piece of bacon?”

“No, thank you; I never eat bacon,” said one traveler.

“Well, then,” said the station-keeper, “help yourself to the mustard?”

ARAB THOUGHTS.

GENERAL E. DUMAS, well known to fame as the historian of the Arab Horse, and still better as the acute author of "*Mœurs et Coutumes de l'Algerie*," has nevertheless the modesty to speak of the Arab mind as a subject which is still almost unknown. Feeling the interest which the French nation has in becoming acquainted with the intellect of its subjugated colony, he is publishing, in the "*Revue Contemporaine*," a series of "*Pensees Arabes*." The thoughts, which are given in the picturesque disorder in which they were originally cropped up, were collected, for the most part, in frequent conversations held with Abd-el-Kader during his compulsory residence in France. As the general is an accomplished Arabic scholar, it is easy to understand that he would be anxious to profit by his daily intercourse with his illustrious captive, at first at Fort Lannague, and afterward at the Chateau de Pau, whither himself and General Lhereux were deputed to conduct him, in 1848, by order of the government. Here are some of the sayings he collected :

Fortune has only a single eye, and that is on the top of her head. So long as she does not see you, she will call you by the tenderest names ; she will treat you like her favorite child, and load you with benefits. But one fine day she will take you in her arms, raise you up on high, examine you attentively, and then repulse you with disgust, exclaiming, "Be off; be off with you! You are not my son."

The sultan is a palace, of which the vizier is the gate. If you try to climb in at the window, you run a great risk of breaking your neck.

Three things in this world try the rarest patience, and make the sagest lose his reason ; the compulsion to quit one's native spot, the loss of friends, and separation from her we love.

Love begins with a look, exactly as a fire begins with a spark.

A sage, beholding a hunter who had stopped to converse with a pretty woman, called to him, "O thou, who pursuest and killest wild beasts, have a care lest that woman do not catch thee in her nets."

An Arab was asked, "Do you believe in the end of the world?" "Yes," he answered. "Since I lost my wife, half the world has already disappeared ; and when I die, in turn, the other half will vanish also."

Remember that principles have the caprices of children and the claws of lions.

She sent word to me, "You sleep, and we are separated." I replied, "Yes; but it is to rest my eyes after the tears they have shed."

He who greedily seeks honors and riches may be compared to a man suffering from thirst which he tries to quench with the water of the sea. The more he drinks the more he wants to drink, until at last he dies of drinking it.

Never despise counsels, from whatever quarter they reach you. Remember that the pearl is keenly sought for, in spite of the coarse shell which envelopes it.

The vizier may be compared to a man mounted on a lion's back. People tremble when they see him pass; and he, more than any of them, is in terror of the creature he is riding.

When Allah has a mind to ruin the ant, he gives him wings. The insect, filled with joy and pride, takes his flight. A little bird passes, sees him, and snaps him up.

To kill or be killed is the lot of man.

The lot of women is to drag the weary folds of their garments along the ground.

An Arab woman was asked, "What do you think of a young man of twenty?"

He is, she said, a bouquet of jasmine.

And of a man of thirty?

That one is a ripe and well-flavored fruit.

And of a man of forty years?

He is a father of boys and girls.

And a man of fifty?

He may pass into the category of preachers.

And a man of sixty years?

He is good for nothing but to cough and groan.

Her eyes are the eyes of a frightened antelope,

She breathes the pure air of the desert;

She lives entirely on laitage (milk-diet) and game,

And her complexion is darkened by the sun.

When I die may my body be washed in her tears,

And may I be buried in her hair.

The well-bred woman supports her husband in the trials of life, encourages him, and inspires his children with noble and generous sentiments.

The intelligent woman assists her husband, keeps a watch over his interests, and allows him to devote all his time to important affairs.

The pure woman obtains her husband's love, and acquires his intimate friendship. Nature leads us to prefer the person who has been loved by us before any one else.

Finally, the pious woman is strictly faithful to her husband, and maintains religious sentiments in her family.

Remember that an ounce of honor,
Is better than a quintal of gold;
And the country where your dignity suffers,
Quit it, were its walls even built with rubies

He that has never hunted, nor loved, nor trembled at the sound of music, nor sought after the perfume of flowers—do not say that he is a man. Say that he is an ass.

The best of wives is she that bears a son yet unborn,
Who leads another by the hand,
And whose steps are followed by a third.

I am vanquished by love; but she is so beautiful that my defeat is no humiliation.

The human heart instinctively loves every thing that is beautiful; but in this world how many brilliant flowers do we find which please our eye, and nevertheless are utterly destitute of any sweet or agreeable perfume?

By Allah, I would not espouse a widow, were her eyes the eyes of a gazelle. All her affection is for her late husband; all her thoughts are with the dead.

Do not attach yourself to a cruel man; sooner or later you will find him as pitiless for you as he is for others.

Do not speak of any thing which you would not like to have repeated to-morrow.

Never remain alone with a pretty woman, even if you are obliged to occupy your time in reading the Koran.

Generosity is a tree planted in heaven by Allah, the master of the world, and its branches droop down to the earth. By them will climb to paradise he who treats well his guests, who fills the stomachs of the poor, and never keeps his hand closed.

When a young man marries, the demon utters a fearful cry. His fellows immediately crowd round him, and inquire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped my clutches."

The hand always open,
The saber ready to start from its scabbard,
And one sole word. [Marks of nobility.]

To teach early is to engrave on marble ;

To teach late, is to write on sand.

Repentance for a day, is to start on a journey without knowing where to find shelter for the night.

Repentance for a year is to sow seed in your fields out season.

Repentance for a whole lifetime, is to marry a woman without being properly edified respecting her family, her temper, and her beauty.

Somebody said to a cock, "Thou art nothing but an ingrate, and a bad hearted creature. Thou art well fed, and supplied with all the enjoyments of life ; thou art vaunted, admired ; and nevertheless when we wish to caress thee, thou takest thy departure precipitately. Behold the bird of lofty lineage (thair el hoor—the falcon) ; his whole life has been spent in the wilderness. And yet, if he become captive, he resigns himself immediately, quickly gets accustomed to his master, refusing to leave him, and showing his gratitude for every kindness of which he is the object."

"True," replied the cock. "But if he had seen as many of *his* fellows bled and roasted as I have seen brethren of mine on the spit, his conduct would not be different from my own."

Life is this: For a day of joy, you count a month of grief, and for a month of pleasure, you reckon a year of pain. There is no strength except in Allah.

Ordinarily, a man is better toward the close than at the commencement of his career. Why? Because then he has gained in knowledge, in experience, and in resignation. His temper is more even, he is less subject to be carried away by passion, and he has acquired a settled position in the world. But is the case the same with a woman? By no means. Her beauty passes; she bears no more children; she becomes morose, uncivil, and her temper gets sourer and sourer.

If, therefore, any one informs you that he has married a woman of a certain age, be assured that he has accepted two-thirds of the evil which the life of a woman contains.

Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Recollect that when the hounds are furiously fighting for a morsel of meat, if they see a jackal pass, they set off together in pursuit of him.

When a woman has adorned her eyes with kohol, and dyed her fingers with henna, and has chewed mesteka (the gum of the lentisk, which perfumes the breath and whitens the teeth, she becomes

more pleasing in the sight of Allah, for she is then more beloved of her husband.

Never marry a woman for her money; wealth may make her insolent: nor for her beauty; her beauty may fade. Marry her for her piety.

The goods of this world rarely bring happiness, and they almost always exclude us from the benefits of the next.

He who bears patiently the faults of his wife, will receive from the hands of Allah a recompense similar to that which he accorded to Job after his long sufferings.

This world and the next resemble the East and the West: you can not draw near to the one without turning your back to the other.

The best way of getting rid of an enemy whose sentiments are elevated, is to pardon him; you so make him your slave.

There was inscribed on the principal gate of one of the cities of antiquity: To obtain admission into a sultan's palace, the three following conditions must be united: Wisdom, Riches and Resignation.

Lower down was written: It is not true; if a man possessed only one of these qualities he would never cross the threshold of a palace.

Destiny has a hand furnished with five iron fingers. When she chooses to submit a man to her will, she claps two fingers on his eyes, thrusts two fingers into his ears, and placing the fifth on his mouth, says: "Hold your tongue."

Death is a gate through which all must pass.

But it is not, as is believed, the gate of the Unknown.

Have you done good?—it leads to paradise.

Have you done evil?—it conducts you to hell.

WHAT IS "ONE-HORSE POWER?"—The use of the term "horse power" is very common, yet few except mechanics and engineers attach a definite meaning to it, but regard it as indicating loosely about the power which one horse would exert. It is, however, when used in the sense under consideration, as definite as possible, and means the power required to lift thirty-three thousand pounds avoirdupois one foot in one minute.

To MEET a funeral procession is a sign of death.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" ON THE WITNESS STAND.

A. M. GRISWOLD, comic lecturer, author of "Hun-ki-do-ri," was placed on the witness stand at the police court in Cincinnati, not long since, to testify in a certain case. We don't know whether or not the stand was enlarged to accommodate the "fat man." Prosecuting Attorney Straub, a personal friend of the lecturer, roguishly determined to "roast" the "fat contributor" in the examination, and accordingly put him through as follows:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Griswold."

"Your full name, if you please," said the Attorney, sternly.

"Alphonso Miner Griswold."

"What business do you follow?"

"I am a lecturer."

"What kind of a lecturer?"

"Well, really, it don't become a man to—"

(With sincerity.) "Answer the question, sir. What kind of a lecturer are you?"

"Editors that I don't advertise with say I am a poor kind of a lecturer, but my posters say—"

"I mean what do you lecture on?"

"Generally on the stage. I once lectured on a billiard table. The proprietor, who was opposed to the Fenian movement, objected, because it was 'wearin' of the green.' On another occasion I lectured on a bar—"

"Giving familiar illustrations of the effects of intem—"

(Coloring angrily.) "You misunderstand me, sir. I said I once lectured on a bar—"

"Well, I heard you. We are ready to admit that you have lectured on a bar a great many times."

(Perspiring terribly.) "Confound it, won't you hear me! I mean to say that I once lectured on a barrel!"

By this time the court and spectators were in a roar of laughter, in which the lecturer finally had to join. It was trying to the "fat man" though.

THOSE are only fit for solitude who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

THE CAMBRIC CHEMISETTE,

IN A ROMANTIC AND ECONOMIC POINT OF VIEW.

Oh, Chemisette! the fairest yet
 That e'er hid bosom purer, whiter!
 Thou dost not know what envious woe
 Thy vailing snow hath given the writer.
 So neatly frilled — so plumply filled!
 And then the eyes that shine above it!
 I sigh — I long — nor is it wrong —
 (At least in song) — Dear girl, to love it!

Sweet Chemisette! the coral set,
 To chain thy folds to gentle duty,
 Fling round a glow upon the snow
 To highten so thy blushing beauty:
 And ne'er before, on sea or shore,
 Did coral feel a softer billow —
 Nor could the gold around it rolled,
 Though ten times told, deserve the pillow!

Oh, Chemisette! below thee met
 A rosy ribbon binds her boddice;
 And on her mein is clearly seen
 One half the queen, and one the goddess.
 Her voice is low — how sweet its flow! —
 Her upper lip disdains the under;
 Her hair is like dark waves that strike
 A marble cliff and rush asunder.

Oh! ripening grace! Oh! radiant face!
 When love is love, it knows no measure!
 Her hands are small, but yet can call
 The power of music at their pleasure.
 And as they peep from sleeves of deep
 Wide guipure lace "*la mode Ramillies*,"
 Her fingers seem, or else I dream,
 Like stamens in the bells of lilies.

Thy robe of blue — the violet hue —
 The green leaves in thy dark hair gleaming!
 Thy feet, that move as light as love —
 Thy breath — thy lips have set me dreaming!
 My cheeks are wet — that Chemisette
 Was trilled and worn by some enchantress;
 But much I fear, 'twere dreadful dear,
 Were she my wife, to *pay her laundress*!

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

“A man is, in general, better pleased when he has a good dinner upon his table, than when his wife speaks Greek.”—SAM. JOHNSON.

Johnson was right. I don't agree to all
The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager;
But very much approve what one may call
The minor morals of the “Ursa Major.”

Johnson was right. Although some men adore
Wisdom in woman, and with learning cram her,
There isn't one in ten but thinks far more
Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar,

I know it is the greatest shame in life;
But who among them (save, perhaps, myself),
Returning hungry home, but asks his wife
What beef — not books — she has upon the shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,
They're little valued by her loving mate;
The kind of tongues that husbands relish most
Is modern, boiled, and served upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may command
Some home-made verse the happy matron show him,
What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand
Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady — deep in love with Tom or Harry —
'T is sad to tell you such a tale as this;
But here's the moral of it: Don't ye marry;
Or marrying, take your lover as he is —

A very man — with something of the brute,
(Unless he prove a sentimental noddie),
With passions strong, and appetite to boot —
A thirsty soul within a hungry body!

A very man — not one of nature's clods —
With human failings, whether saint or sinner;
Endowed, perhaps, with genius from the gods,
But apt to take his temper from his dinner.

BABY IS KING.

A rose-curtained cradle, where nestled within,
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant — that pink little thing
Is an autocrat august, for Baby is King.

Good, solemn grandfather, dares hardly to speak,
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boot creak,
Grandma is a martyr, in habit and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles, as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from the house,
Grows meek on the threshold and moves like a mouse.
To stare at the bundle, then outward he goes
Like an elephant trying to walk on its toes.

The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him the roses she wore in the crown,
And sings little love songs of who she loves best
To the sweet little baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumples the ringlets, twists collars and bow;
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He dings, right and left, his saucy fat fist,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed;
He demands people's watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then, failing to conquer, with passionate cry,
He quivers his lip, keeps a tear in his eye;
And so wins the battle, this wise little thing,
He knows, the world over, that Baby is King.

A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.—Irritable captain: Your barrel's disgracefully dirty, sir, and it's not the first time; I've a good mind to —

Private Flannagan: Shure, sir, I never —

Captain (Irish too): Silence, sir, when you spake to an officer!

IN CLOVER.

She's gone at last! O, happy day!
 I saw her skirts of checkered gray
 Evanish as she sailed away
 O'er Camden ferry;
 And when I heard the car-steeds neigh,
 Hi! was n't I merry!

Left free to do just what I please
 That vexed not another's ease,
 Nor wounds the fair proprieties
 Which all should cherish;
 Since in the rude neglect of these
 Life's graces perish.

Now I may let my razor sleep,
 Though dandies stare and damsels peep
 In wonder at the horrid heap
 If facial stubble;
 With none to kiss, I'll no more reap
 Such barren trouble.

Just as it suits my liberal mind,
 I'll let the vagrant night-wind find
 Free course through open sash and blind,
 A chartered rover;
 You'll never catch *me* unresigned
 To ærial "clover."

And so I'll read, write, muse, or snore,
 Enchambered, yet *en plein rapport*
 With the great vault that round and o'er
 Spans earth and ocean;
 I like not dungeons — *all out door*
 Best suits my notion.

And sooth, while such rare joys are mine,
 Don't fancy I shall soon incline
 Their dear fruition to resign
 For dreams uxorious;
 No, no; *remotest* crinoline
 Is superglorious!

AN irresolute man's mind, is generally, as Richard III. said of his own body, "but half made up."

JUDGE S——, OF TENNESSEE.

THERE lived not many years ago, in the good State of Tennessee, rather an eccentric gentleman, who occupied the judge's seat in one of the wealthiest circuits of the state.

Upon one occasion there were two men arraigned before the judge, charged with disturbing the peace, etc. No. 1, upon the usual question of "guilty or not guilty?" pleaded "guilty to drunkenness."

Judge S.—You were drunk, were you, sir?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge—What did you get drunk on, sir?

Prisoner—Whisky, sir.

Judge—What sort of whisky, sir?

Prisoner—New whisky, sir.

Judge—What, right new whisky, sir?

Prisoner—Yes, sir, just warm from the still.

Judge—So you got drunk on new whisky, right warm from the still, did you?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge—Mr. Clerk, fine that man ten dollars and imprisonment in the county jail one month.

No. 2, upon being arraigned, pleaded guilty also.

Judge—You were drunk, were you, sir?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge—What did you get drunk on, sir?

Prisoner—Brandy, sir.

Judge—What sort of brandy, sir?

Prisoner—Peach brandy, sir.

Judge—What, *old* peach brandy, sir?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge—How did you drink it, sir?

Prisoner—With a little honey, sir.

Judge—What sort of honey, sir?

Prisoner—Nice strained honey, sir.

Judge—So you got drunk on old peach brandy and nice strained honey, did you, sir?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Judge—Mr. Clerk, fine that man one dime; the court would like a *few* of that itself.

The same Judge S—— had a very wild son named Bob, who was

constantly on a spree, and upon being brought up once before the court for drunkenness, the judge cried out: "Is that *our* Bob?"

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Judge—Fine the rascal two dollars and costs. I'd make it ten dollars, if I did n't know it would come out of my own pocket.

SADNESS AND LITERATURE.

ONE of the anomalies of literary history is that it has often been the lot of those men who have contributed largely to the mirth or recreation of others, to endure a more than ordinary share of misery and want in their own lives. The most entertaining portions of literature have been written by men whose hearts have been bowed down by sorrow, and at moments when that sorrow has been heaviest. It was in the gloom of a mother's death, deepened by his own poverty, that Johnson penned the charming tale of "Rasselaes;" it was in the chill desolation of a bare and fireless garret that poor Goldsmith, the beloved vagrant of literature, sketched the brightest pictures of domestic happiness the world has ever had; it was from a sick bed, in sore distress, and in a necessitous exile, that Tom Hood shook all England with laughter. The enchantment of Scott, the satire of Jerrold, half the gems of English wit and humor have been thrown out by genius in its most sorrowful moments.

MR. ROCK, the comedian, once advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said, "Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?" "Is it me you mean?" said Rock, "why, zounds, man, did n't I give you the hint!"

THERE is a self will that would break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

The Gridiron.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The Mirror.—If a mirror is broken, it is a sign that a good-looking lass will be missed in that house.

Pocket Book.—To lose a pocket book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

Roosters.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)rning.

An Itching Ear.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill-luck will be averted.

Salt.—To spill salt accidentally into a stew while it is on the fire, is a proof that the family will meet with its alterations (salter rations).

A Cat.—When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

Warts.—To have sixteen warts on the left hand is unlucky; to have the same number on the right hand is a sign you are unfortunate.

Spirits.—If a married man, while his wife is in the room, takes up a bottle of spirits with his right hand, it is a sign that she will shortly be out of spirits, and that her husband is going to liquor.

Stock Raising.—If a one-eyed bull-dog flies at a stock-raiser's legs, it denotes that a misfortune will happen to his calves.

Bridal.—If you get on horseback on Monday before the sun is up, it is a sign you will have a hand in a bridal.

Lucky.—To stroke a green-eyed cat with a white spot on her nose is lucky, and heavy purrs will be the inevitable consequence.

Marriage.—If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage—or if it is n't it ought to be.

Red Hair.—If a red haired man falls in love with a girl who dislikes hair of that color, he will very likely die before he is married.

The above signs and portents may be strictly relied upon; they have never been known to fail.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A SOPHIST, wishing to puzzle Thales, a Milesian, one of the wisest men of Greece, proposed to him, in rapid succession, these difficult questions :

“What is the oldest of all things?”

“God, because he always existed.”

“What is most beautiful?”

“The world, because it is the work of God.”

“What is the greatest of all things?”

“Space, because it contains all that is created.”

“What is quickest of all things?”

“Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.”

“What is the strongest?”

“Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.”

“What the most difficult?”

“To know thyself.”

“What the most constant of all things?”

“Hope, because it remains with man after he has lost every thing else.”

The philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

A MODEL WOMAN.

“Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B—— is poor?”

“Yes, he has only his profession.”

“Will your uncle favor his suit?”

“No; and I can expect nothing from him.”

“Then, Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society.”

“No matter; I shall see more of Fred.”

“You must give up expensive dress.”

“Oh, Fred admires simplicity.”

“You can't keep a carriage.”

“But we can have delightful walks.”

“You must take a small house, and furnish it plainly.”

“Yes, for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage.”

“You will have to cover your floors with thin, cheap carpets.”

“Then I shall hear his steps the sooner.”

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.

Too MUCH plenty makes mouth dainty.

If passion drives, let reason hold the reins.

He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

The wise man draws more advantages from his enemies than the fool from his friends.

All would live long, but none would be old.

Declaiming against pride is not always a sign of humility.

Neglect kills injuries, revenge increases them.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy. Revenging one makes you but even with him.

Most of the learning in use is of no great use.

Great good nature, without prudence, is a great misfortune.

Keep conscience clear, then never fear.

A man in a passion rides a mad horse.

BUSY PLACE.—They have a little town "out West" which appears to have been overlooked by Dickens and other English travelers. and which is "all sorts of a stirring place." In one day they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men out of the town on a rail; got up a quarter race, and a turkey shooting, a gander pulling, a match dog-fight, and preaching by a circus-rider, who afterward ran a foot-race for applejack all round; and as if that was not enough, the judge of the court, after losing his year's salary at single-handed poker, and whipping a person for saying he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog-stealing.

THE last words of John Wilkes Booth, spoken on the stage, were in Shiel's tragedy of "The Apostate." He says, clenching his dagger: "Traitors and slaves! ha! that thought. This, this is left me still within my grasp. I clutch it like a fierce and desperate joy! Look here! look here, vile Moor! Despite of fate I still shall triumph o'er thee." He is then stabbed and dies.

A THICK-HEADED HUSBAND.

A PIOUS old lady, who was too unwell to attend her meetings, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he run home in hot haste, and with a smirk of self-satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word without missing a syllable.

The words were:

"An angel came down from Heaven and took a live coal from the altar."

"Well, let us have the words of the text," remarks the pious lady.

"I know every word," replied the thick-headed husband.

"I am very anxious to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are very nice words," he observed.

"I am glad your memory is improving, but do n't keep me in suspense, my dear."

"Just get your big bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, now, let's hear them."

"Ahem! An Ingen came down from New Haven, and took a live colt by the tail and jerked him out of the halter!" was the final response.

THE following is a copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West: "Subjecks of discussion. Is dansin' moralle rong? Is the reedin' of fictishus wurks commendible? Is it necessary that femails shud reseave a thurry literary educashun? Ort femails to taik parts in polytix? Duz dress constitute the moril parts of wimin?"

HE who seldom thinks of heaven is not likely to get thither; as the only way to hit the mark is to keep the eye fixed upon it.

A NEW POET-LAUREATE.

THACKERAY'S Magazine in London, paid Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England, sixteen hundred dollars for a poem, and the following two stanzas are just half of it, or eight hundred dollars worth:

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie —
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till thy tiny wings are stronger;
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and haste away.
Baby sleep a little longer,
Until her little legs are stronger;
And after waiting like the birdie,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

Isn't that grand? Isn't it the quintessence of poetry? Here's sixteen lines of our own, same style, same measure, and embodying about as much sentiment, for which we willingly take a quarter:

What does little froggie say,
In his pond at peep of day?
Let me swim, says little froggie —
Bullfrog, let me swim away.
Froggie, wait a little longer,
Till thy little legs are stronger;
So he mounts upon a chunk,
And then into the pond kar-ch-u-u-k.

What does little piggie say,
In his sty at peep of day?
Piggie says, like little froggie,
Let me go and root to-day.
Piggie, wait a little longer,
Till your snout grows hard and stronger;
If you suck a little longer,
Piggie then may root away.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed
While others are beginning;
'Tis luck in some, in others speed,
That gives an early winning:
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind —
" 'Tis better late than never! "

And if you keep ahead 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can excel
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever;
Remember, though you are surpassed,
" 'Tis better late than never! "

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Or victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother;
Where'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever:
And if you fail to beat the rest,
" 'Tis better late than never! "

Choose well the path in which you run —
Succeed by noble daring,
Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing.
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor,
But ever keep this truth in mind —
" 'Tis better late than never! "

AN English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling!"

OUR BAIRN.

O, we hae gotten a wonderful wean,
Guide wife and I;
The bonniest bairn that ever was seen
Beneath the sky.

Her een are as blue as the Simmer lift,
Sae pure and brau;
Her skin as white as the blinding drift
O' dazzling snaw.

She hae twa red and rosy lips,
Sae nice to pree;
Sweeter than flowers the sma' bee sips
On yonder lea.

Twa little feet, sae saft and fair,
Wi' wee pink toes;
And o'er her brow her gowden hair
In ripples flows.

Her little laugh like music swells
Upon the ear,
Clearer than tinkling siller bells,
Sae saft and clear.

In a' the wide, wide world, ye'll find
Nae onny
Wee little speck o' womankind
Sae bonnie.

A SARDINE. — A certain official, in a New England city, recently determined to give a little party.. He was discussing with his wife the details of the supper.

"I think we must have some sardines," said he.

"Sardines," said his faithful and excellent spouse; "yes; but I never quite understood what sardines were."

"Why, you know," replied the husband, "you've seen 'em. A sardine is a slice of beef, with a piece of bread on each side of it."

I AM A GIPSY STILL.

They robe me in soft satin,
With flowers bind my hair,
And on my arms and bosom
Clasp jewels rich and rare;
But for the plain and mountain
My pulses wildly thrill;
Oh, give me back my *freedom* —
I am a gipsy *still*!

I can not love these strangers,
As I am loving *thee*,
My dark-eyed gipsy mother —
How dear thou art to me!
Why leave me 'mid this splendor,
And urge me to remain?
My feet would fain be resting
Within thy tent again.

I wander in the woodland,
I slumber by the rill,
And then in blissful dreaming
I *am* a gipsy still;
But when I'm homeward turning,
My spirits droop again —
My palace home seems lonely,
And pleasures smile in vain.

I have a gipsy lover
Dark-brow'd and eagle-eyed;
When dreamy twilight cometh,
I wander by his side.
The tender words he whispers,
My ears with rapture thrill,
Oh, mother, dear, forgive me —
I am a gipsy still!

MILTON was asked: "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years of age, but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

THE KING'S MISTAKE.

A NUMBER of old politicians, all of whom were seeking office under Government, were seated at a tavern porch talking, when a toper named John D——, a person who is very loquacious when "corned," but exactly the opposite when sober, said, if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—I do n't remember his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting; and after summoning his nobles and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed.

While journeying along they met a countryman on a jackass. He advised them to return, "for," he said, "it will certainly rain." They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as, a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin.

When they returned to the palace the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain."

"I did n't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty?" returned the rustic.

The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, put him (the jackass) in the place the philosopher had filled.

"And here," said John, looking very wise, "is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired his auditors eagerly.

"Why, ever since that time," said John, with a grin, "every jackass wants an office!"

A DISGUISED DUTCHMAN.

MR. SALAMON is represented as a long, heavy-sided, puffy-faced Dutchman, inhabiting one of the northwestern territories, and remarkable for nothing except a talent for gassing, destroying lager beer, and disguising, as he believed, his foreign nationality from the natives:

Not long since Salamon was in Buckskin Joe (a mining district on the head waters of South Platte River), vaunting the many advantages of Canon City over every other locality in the territory; descanting upon its salubrious climate, splendid scenery, etc. While thus employed, John Riley, a facetious ranchman, interrupts him with:

"But, Mr. Salamon, what kind of people have you down at Canon?"

"Oh! we'se got de Norderners, de Suddeners, und de Missouri-ans."

"But have you no foreigners?" again questioned Riley; "no Dutchmen?"

"Yes, there is von, but you don't know it if somebody not dells you vot he ish. Now, vot coundrymans you takes me to be?"

Eying him quietly for a few moments, Riley replied:

"Why, an American, sir, of course!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and Mr. S. chuckled with delight. "I 'spects I fools more as a hundred tousand beples! I beesch a German!"

IN a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister:

"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone."

She replied:

"No, not the brimstone, only the spark."

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stops the press to an-nounce," what would he do to a pound?

SAYINGS OF EMINENT MEN.

THE first principle and source of all good writing is to think justly.—*Horace*.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.—*Rochefoucault*.

If men were perfectly contented there would no longer be any activity in the world.—*Holbach*.

Those who have once tasted the pleasure of roving at large through woods and mountains, can never afterward feel happy under the restraints of society.—*Lardner*.

Great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

Man is older than nations, and he is to survive nations.—*Rev. W. E. Channing*.

Nations should wear mourning for none but their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to public homage only those who have been the heroes of humanity.—*Mirabeau*.

No man is nobler born than another, unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition.—*Seneca*.

We do not know absolutely what is good or bad fortune.—*Rousseau*.

Nature never says one thing and wisdom another.—*Juvenal*.

It is most certain that passions always covet and desire that which experience forsakes.—*Francis Bacon*.

The absent party is always faulty.—*Proverbs*.

If you speak what you think, you shall hear what you dislike.—*Bias*.

Sudden movements of the mind often break out either for great good or great evil.—*Homer*.

Bear and blame not what you can not change.—*Publius Syrus*.

A LITTLE DEAF.

IN the olden time, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Granville, and from his well-stocked bar furnished accommodation to man and beast. He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter, waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the South, on his way to Brandon, stepped in to inquire the distance. Going up to old Wing's bar, he said:

"Can you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Brandy?" says the ready landlord, jumping up. "Yes, sir, I have some," at the same time handing down a decanter of the liquid."

"You misunderstood me," says the stranger; "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," says Wing. "Will you take some sugar with it?" reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and toddy-stick.

The despairing traveler, hoping for a proper answer, now turned to Fish.

"The landlord," said he, "seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish; "I don't care if I do take a drink with you!"

The stranger treated and fled.

A LADY made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said:

"I have been to see Mrs. —."

"Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy."

"Happy! I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

A GLASS TOO MUCH.

THOSE who are familiar with the Burnet House, Cincinnati, may remember the large mirror at the hall leading from the office. A few nights ago a gentleman stopping at the house, who had been unloading too much glass-ware to be steady in his legs or lucid as to his brain, came in and passed through the hall in search of his room. Reaching the mirror at the end of the hall, he caught sight of a reflection in the glass, and mistaking it for an attache of the hotel, addressed it as follows:

"Will you show me my room (hic), please?"

A pause and no reply. He spoke again, in a louder and severe tone:

"Can you tell me where for-seven is?"

Receiving no answer to his interrogation, he turned indignantly on his heel, and sought clerk Billy Wilkinson, and inquired;

"Who's that feller in the (hic) hall? Mos' 'pertinent feller ever saw! Can't answer civil queshun! Ain't he (hic) drunk?"

Wilkinson admitted the possibility, and saw that the weary traveler was sent to his rest at "for-seven."

That mirror was a glass too much for the stranger.

"Now, Miss Bradford, I always likes to have a good old-fashioned talk with the lady I lives with before I begins. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgivin'. Have you Hecker's flour, Beebe's range, hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oil cloth on the floor, dumb waiter?"

Then follows her self-planned programme for the week:

"Monday I washes. I'se to be let alone that day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to comes near me that day. Wednesday I bakes. I'se to be let alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes to me. Nobody comes near me that day. Sunday I has to myself."

WHAT is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?

THE HUMOROUS VEIN.

AN individual is told of as doing business in one of the markets who is down on customers who do n't speak properly.

"What's eggs, this morning?" says a customer.

"Eggs, of course," says the dealer.

"I mean how do they go?"

"Go where?"

"Sho—!" says the customer, getting up his fury, "what for eggs?"

"Money, money, sir! or good indorsed credit!" says the dealer.

"Do n't you understand the English language sir?" says the customer.

"Not as you mix it and mingle it, I do n't!" responded the egg merchant.

"What—is—the—price—per—dozen—for—your—eggs?"

"Ah, now you talk," says the dealer; sixteen cents per dozen is the price, sir."

They traded. But it appears that another customer, who, on asking, "what's eggs this morning?" was answered, "eggs, of course," responded, "well, I'm glad of that, for the last I got of you were half chickens."

A PHRENOLOGIST "TAKEN DOWN."—A phrenological professor, who abounds in self-conceit so much that he sometimes mistakes impertinent interrogations for wholesome inquiries, and makes them accordingly, one morning observed our young friend Barrel quietly smoking a cigar. "Young man," said he, in a severe tone, "do n't you know that the man who uses tobacco is a fool?"

"Well," said Barrel, "it may be so; but there is one fact that you are not aware of, and which I wish to impress on your mind; that there are a great many fools who do n't use it!"

The phrenologist drew the inference and discontinued the conversation.

To MAKE a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment.
To redden those of an impudent man, slap 'em.

VERY LONG AGO.

Listening in the twilight very long ago,
To a sweet voice singing very soft and low.

Was the song a ballad of a lady bright
Saved from deadly peril by a gallant knight?

Or a song of battle, and a flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten — 't is so long ago.

Scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot,
I can only tell you what the song was not.

Memory unfaithful has not kept that strain,
Heard once in the twilight — never heard again

Every day brings twilight; but no twilight brings
To my ear that music on its quiet wings.

After autumn sunsets, in the dreaming light,
When long summer evenings deepen into night.

All that I am sure of, is that long ago,
Come one sang at twilight very sweet and low.

POETRY ON A NOSE.

How very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about the nose,
When plain as is man's nose upon his face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace:
Noses have sympathy, a lover knows;
Noses are always touch'd when lips are kissing —
And who would care to kiss if nose was missing?
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose —
And where would be the mortal means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odor flows
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose — a nose no other knows —
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows —
There's beauty in its form, and music in its blows!

HOW TO BATHE.

ERASMUS WILSON, an eminent surgeon of London, has drawn up, for the proprietor of a bathing establishment in England, a paper entitled "The Bath, and How to Enjoy It," which contains valuable hints for bathers. The bathers are told to undress quickly, to immerse the head and body at once, to rub themselves with the hands, or swim about energetically while in the water; not to remain in too long, judging from their own sensations when they have had enough, to wrap themselves up in a sheet or a large towel on coming out, drying thoroughly the head first, then the arms and body, and lastly the legs and feet.

Gentle friction after the bath Mr. Wilson recommends—violent friction he forbids. The use of soap enhances the benefit derived from bathing; it acts as a tonic to the skin, and, by cleansing it, brings the atmosphere nearer to the blood and nerves. Bathers ought never to dress until perfectly dry, and then the clothing should be resumed leisurely, in order to give the skin time to feel and breathe the air. The proof that the bath agrees with the bather is the warm glow which follows its use. Morning is the best time for cold bathing—before a meal, or three hours afterward. A person who does not swim ought not to remain more than ten minutes or quarter of an hour in the water.

OLD SONG.

There's an oily time coming, boys,
An oily time coming,

There's an oily time coming, boys,
Wait a little longer.

We may "strike grease," or we may not,
Stocks go to par or go to pot,
In this oily time coming.

"Wells." not "whale," shall light mankind,
The perfume shall be stronger,
And "derricks" shall supplant "harpoons,"
Wait a little longer.

CHORUS — O, there is an oily time coming, etc.

THREE PICTURES.

There is a form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
 At the well-known beachen tree,
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them, fold upon fold,
 Waiting for me.

There is the sweet voice with cadence deep,
Of one that singeth our babe asleep,
 And often turns to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watches the lazy dial creep,
 Waiting for me.

Long since those locks are laid in the clay
Long since that voice has pass'd away,
 On earth no more to be;
But still in the spirit world afar
She is the dearest of those that are
 Waiting for me.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

LITTLE acts are the elements of greatness. They raise life's value, like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are the tests of character and disinterestedness; they are straws of life's deceitful current, and show the current's way. The heart comes out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather the real heroism of life is to do all its duties promptly and faithfully.

WHEN a person loses his reputation, the very last place he goes to recover it is where he lost it.

MATRIMONY.

A couple sat beside the fire,
Debating which should first retire;
The husband sportively had said:
"Wife, you should go and warm the bed."
"I never will," she quick replied;
"I did it once, and nearly died."
"And I will not," rejoined the spouse,
With firmer tone and lowering brows.
And thus a war of words arose,
Continuing till they nearly froze,
When both grew mute, and hovering nigher
Around the faintly glimmering fire,
They trembled o'er the dying embers,
As though the ague had seized their members,
Resolved, like heroes, ne'er to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus, this once fond loving pair
In silence shook and shivered there,
Till every spark of fire was gone,
And cocks were crowing for the dawn,
When all at once the husband said,
"Wife, had n't we better go to bed?"

COURTSHIP.

Jenny sighed, and Robin seized her
Pretty little trembling hand;
Then with clasping arms he squeezed her
Half reluctant form, and — and —

"Loose me!" but he clasped her tighter.
"Jenny, say, wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter.
And she whispered, "I am thine!"

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other soundly,
And I left them in that fix!

THE PEACHES.

A countryman brought from the city five peaches, the finest that ever were seen. But his children saw this fruit for the first time. Therefore they wondered and rejoiced in the pretty peaches, with their reddish cheeks and delicate down. The father then divided them among his four boys, and gave one to their mother.

In the evening, when the children went into their sleeping chamber, the father asked: "Well, and how did the pretty peaches taste?"

"Finely, dear father," said the oldest. "It is a beautiful fruit—so tartish and so delicate in taste. I have carefully kept the stone, and I will raise me a tree from it."

"Bravo!" said the father; "that is providing economically for the future, as becomes a landsman."

"I ate mine at once," the youngest cried, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of her's. O, it tasted so sweet, and melted in my mouth."

"Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely, but naturally, and in a child's manner. For wisdom, there is yet room in the course of your life."

Then the second son began: "I hunted up the stone which my little brother threw away and cracked it. There was a seed in it that tasted as a nut. But my peach I sold for enough, when I go to the city, that I can probably buy twelve."

The father shook his head, and said: "That is wise enough, but childlike and natural it was not. Heaven guard you that you do not become a merchant."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father.

Self-possessed and frank, Edmund replied: "I carried my peach to our neighbor George, who is sick of a fever. He would not take it. Then I laid it upon his bed, and came away."

"Well," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?"

All three exclaimed, "Brother Edmund!" But Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

Too HIGH an appreciation of our own talents is the chief cause why experience preaches to us all in vain.

CAPITAL BOUND TO WIN.

A GENTLEMAN of color, belonging to Tehama, recently made a pilgrimage to Red Bluff, for the purpose of procuring an ebony help-mate, either as a partner in the laundry business, or for life, he wasn't particular which. Arriving at his destination, he made known to the pouting Ethiopie the object of his visit, and asked her consent to the proposition. After turning the question over in her mind for a few moments, she came out with:

"Mr. S., how much capital has you?"

"Well, Dinah, to tell you de trufe, I'se only got four dollars wid me, jes now."

"Won't do, Mr. S., won't do! Sam Johnsing hab got six an' a cookin' stove. I guess I gwine to hab him!"

Poor S. is still going it alone.

A HEART THAT CAN FEEL FOR ANOTHER

"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "but she is not so old, sne may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Do they?" said the farmer; "well, write again, and say, and if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, measter."

"Why, it's double the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Aye," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll deserve it."

AN agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of *irrigation*, which was printed *irritation* by mistake; whereupon an honest farmer sent his *wife* to claim the prize.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

DURING General Washington's administration, he almost daily attended his room, adjoining the Senate chamber, and often arrived before the Senate organized. On one occasion, but before his arrival, Gouverneur Morris and some other Senators were standing together conversing on various topics, and among them the natural but majestic air of General Washington, when some one observed there was no man living who could take a liberty with him. The sprightly and bold Morris remarked:

"I will bet a dozen of wine I can do that with impunity."

The bet was accepted.

Soon after Washington appeared, and commenced an easy and pleasant conversation with one of the gentlemen, at a little distance from the others. While thus engaged, Morris, stepping up in a jocular manner, familiarly tapped Washington on the shoulder, and said:

"Good morning, old fellow!"

The General turned, and merely looked him in the face, without a word, when Morris, with all his assumed effrontery, stepped hastily back, in evident discomposure, and said:

"Gentlemen, you have won the bet. I will never take such a liberty again."

The writer obtained this fact from a member of the Senate, who witnessed the occurrence.

A VERY considerable hotel-keeper, advertising his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement:

"N. B.—Persons drinking more than four glasses of this potent beverage at one sitting, carefully sent home on a wheelbarrow, if required."

UNCOMFORTABLE.—To be seated at the table opposite to a pretty girl, with a plate of hot soup, on a hot day, a troublesome mustache, and no handkerchief.

THE MYSTERY.

TWO DARKIES had bought a mess of pork in partnership; but Sam, having no place to put his portion in, consented to intrust the whole to Julius' keeping. The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good mornin', Julius; any thing happen strange or mysterious down in your wicinity lately?"

"Yaas, Sam, most strange thing happen at my house yesterlast-night. All mystery, all mystery to me?"

"Ah, Julius, whât was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tole you, now. Dis mornin' I went down into de cellar for to get a piece of hog for this darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down into de brine and felt all round, but no pork dere—all gone, could n't tell what bewent with it; so I turned up de barl, and Sam, as true as preachin' the rats had eat a hole clar froo de bottom of de barl, and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said:

"Why did n't de brine run out ob de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—On the reading of the bill in the Massachusetts Legislature for the sale of the yacht Whisper, a stout looking member from Berkshire quickly rose, much elated, asking the clerk to be so kind as to read that again. The clerk complied in a clear voice:

"Ah," said the member from Berkshire, with a sigh, "I understood you to say a bill for the sale of hot whisky, and was about to move the passage of the bill without debate."

THE following is said to be the copy of a letter sent by a member of the legal profession to a person who was indebted to one of his clients: "Sir, I am desired to apply to you for one hundred dollars, due to my client, Mr. Jones; if you send me the money by this day week, you will oblige me: if not. I will *oblige* you!"

WHAT WILL TAKE THE SCENT OUT OF CLOTHING

SITTING on the piazza of the Cataract was a young, foppish-looking gentleman, his garments very highly scented with a mingled odor of musk and cologne. A solemn-faced, odd-looking man, after passing by the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and, in a confidential tone, said:

"Stranger! I know what'll take that scent out of your clothes; you—"

"What! What do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, and starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad now, pitch round, fight, just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what will take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk, and he—"

At this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy very sensibly cleared the coop, and vanished up stairs.

JOSH BILLINGS says :

True politeness consists in bein very anxious about nothing.

If a man is as wise as a sarpent he can afford to be harmless as a dove.

Nobody but a fool gits bit twice by the same dorg.

A pet lam always makes a cross ram.

Real happiness don't consist so much in what a man don't nave az it duz in what he don't want.

"I ALWAYS sing to please myself," said a gentleman, who was humming a tune in company. "Then you're not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

A TREE'S TESTIMONY.

A YOUNG man, going a journey, entrusted a hundred deenars to an old man. When he came back the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Khazee.

"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree."

"Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal."

The young man went in wonder. After he had been gone some time, the Khazee said to the old man:

"He is long. Do you think he has got there yet?"

"No," said the old man; "it is at some distance. He has not got there yet."

"How knowest thou, old man," cried the Khazee, "where the tree is?"

The young man returned and said the tree would not come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."

BACHELORS are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment for the following toast was given by one of them at a public dinner: "The ladies—sweet briars in the garden of life."

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the frozen ground at last; and the heart which but seeks for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain.

It has been ascertained that the man who "held on to the last" was a shoemaker.

THOUGHTS TO REMEMBER.

Who can revoke the broken word?
 Or who recall the arrow sped?
 Can we bring back the life that's past?
 Restore neglected moments fled?

Think wisely, then, before you speak;
 Reflect ere flies the fatal dart;
 'Tis better far to send a balm
 Than poison to a troubled heart.

Live so that no regrets shall rise,
 To gather round your future years;
 Let no neglected moments pass,
 To check thy flight to yonder spheres.

Speak softly, kindness is a power
 That comes from yon bright heaven above;
 Deal gently, and the world shall know
 The healing balm — the power of love.

THE ORIGIN OF OTTO OF ROSES. — Otto of roses has been made for a very long time in India, and Lieutenant-Colonel Polier thus relates its origin, in the "Asiatic Researches: "Noorjeehan Bergum (Light of the World), the favorite wife of Jehan-Geer, was once walking in her garden, through which ran a canal of rose water, when she remarked some oily particles floating on the surface. These were collected, and their aroma found to be so delicious that means were devised to produce the precious essence in a regular way.

PATRIOTIC.

If in love for our country you share,
 And the "Star-spangled Banner" are versed in,
 You must think, when the "bombs burst in air,"
 'Twas a "National Air" that they burst in!

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all —
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

EGYPTIAN KOHL.—The kohl, or kheul, which we have seen in use for darkening the eyelids since the time of the ancient Egyptians, is made by the Arabs in the following way: They remove the inside of a lemon, fill it up with plumbago and burnt copper, and place it on the fire until they become carbonized; then they pound it in a mortar with coral, sandalwood, pearls, ambergris, the wing of a bat, and part of the body of a chameleon: the whole having been previously burnt to a cinder, and moistened with rose-water while hot.

HEARTS-EASE.

There is a flower I wish to wear,
But not until first worn by you:
Hearts-ease — of all earth's flowers most rare;
Bring it, and bring enough for two.

LOST IN THE DARK.

Come back! come back! for the light went out
When your eyes looked away from my own!
Grieved and weary I wandered about
In the cold and dark alone!
Trying to find my way to your side —
Come darling and take my hand!
Once I drew it away in my pride
From the tenderest one in the land!

Come back! come back! with the Spring's sweet prime,
With the birds from over the sea!
For I turn my face from the golden time,
And my ear from its minstrelsy!
For my passionate soul cries out for the day
When your heart fell away from mine —
Cries out for the cup that I pushed away,
Spilling its costly wine.

Come! and your kiss shall kindle again
The passion bloom on my cheek!
Come! and read in my eyes the pain
That my lips are too proud to speak!
Come! for I lie in the cold without,
Stabbed with agony wild,
All for you — and my heart cries out
Like a poor little motherless child.

WOMEN vs. GIRLS.

WOMEN ought to be of more importance to society than girls — but who does not know the case is exactly the reverse? How many women do we all know who shrink from society, give their whole time to family duties, bury themselves up at home, and seem to be of no other use in the world than to dress their girls for parties, and keep the house in order for their beaux. Of course the children grow up with the idea that the mother is of no consequence and don't know the world. They go abroad for their opinions, and spurn all home influence.

TOBACCO.

This Indian weed, now withered quite
Tho' green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay,
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak
Thou art even such,
Gone with a touch.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,
For then the fire
It does require.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust,
Return thou must,
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

HOW FOLKS DIFFER.

WE chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment in a bite of guano. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa in rock-salt. A Frenchman goes his length for fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties. The South Sea Islanders differ from all these, their favorite dish being boiled clergyman, or a roasted missionary.

THE HANDSOME MAN

I was crossing Vine Street ferry,
With a party young and merry,
When I heard — “*Do see that very*
 Handsome beau !”
His mustache they much admired,
And his name and age inquired —
“He was all that heart desired
 Here below !”

In the ball-room next I met him,
Where the crinoline beset him,
And I never can forget him,
 Nor his waist.
No cosmetic was neglected,
Nor were colors bright rejected;
And the envious suspected
 That he laced.

He excelled in “fancy dances,”
And his winning ways and glances,
In the language of romances,
 Were “divine.”
And the beaux their model made him,
Till a knowing one betrayed him,
And revealed — “*A tailor paid him*
 As a sign !”

A MIGHTY FINE BUSINESS.—When James T. Bradey, the celebrated lawyer of New York, first opened a lawyer's office, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered.

“The cobbler's gone, I see,” he said.

“I should think he had,” tartly responded Brady.

“And what do ye sell?” he asked, looking at the solitary table and a few law books.

“Blockheads,” responded Brady.

“Be gorra!” said the Irishman, “ye must be doing a mighty fine business — ye haint got but one left.”

OLD GORDON AND HIS LADDIES.

JOHN GORDON, who died a few years ago, near Turriff, Banffshire, was reputed to have attained the remarkable age of one hundred and thirty two years. Most travelers in that part called at his cottage, and among the visitors one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who, coming up to the door of the cottage accosted a venerable looking man, employed in knitting hose, with — “So, my old friend, you can see to knit at your advanced period of life! One hundred and thirty two is, truly, a rare age!”

“Plague take the man! it’ll be my grandfather ye’re seeking. I’m only seventy three. Ye’ll find him round the corner o’ the hous’.”

On turning round the corner, the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself.

“You seem to be wonderful fresh, my good sir, for so old a man! I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life?”

“What’s your wull, sir?” inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated.

“Oh, ye’ll be wanting *my father*, I reckon; he’s i’ the yaird there.”

The stranger now entered the garden, where he at last found the venerable old man busily employed in digging potatoes, and humming “The Battle of Harland.”

“I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one at your advanced age.”

“It is,” replied John; “but I’m thankfu’ that I’m able for’t, as the *laddies*, puir things, are no very stout now.”

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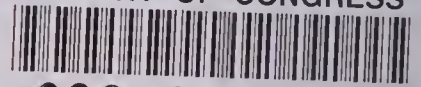
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